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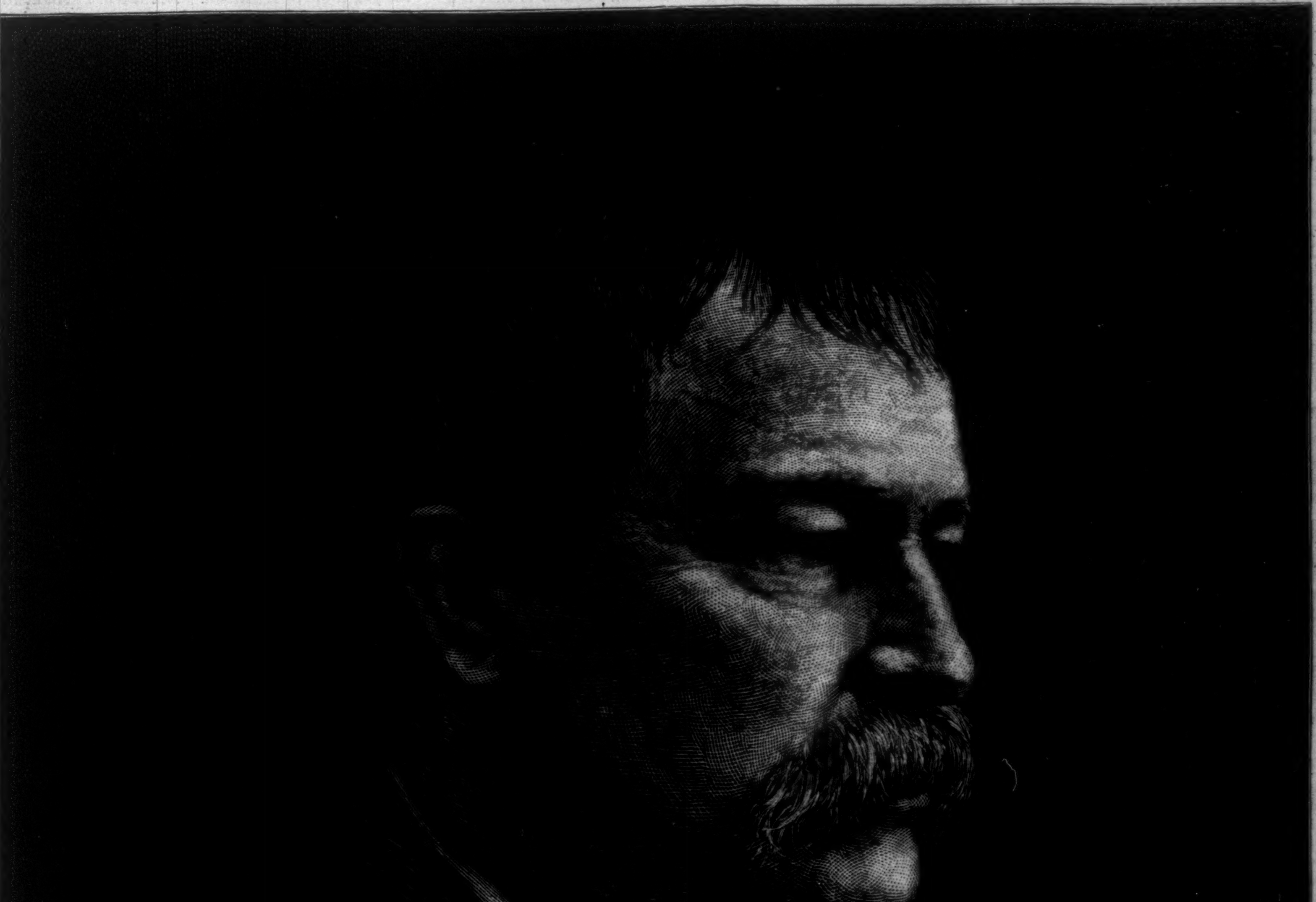

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.—[SEE ARTICLE BY HENRY JAMES ON PAGE 394.]

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

TO BEGIN IN THE NUMBER FOR JUNE 22.

FALSE WITNESS.
A SERIAL STORY.
BY LUCY C. LILLIE,
AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "JO'S OPPORTUNITY," ETC.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1886.

THE LAST STREET RAILROAD STRIKE.

THE mischief which men who live by daily wages do to their own cause by such a performance as the last strike of a day upon the city railroads is incalculable. It was as despotic a freak as any act of the King of Siam, and tends to array the sympathy of the most intelligent citizens against all "labor movements." It cannot be excused as the act of a committee which was not approved by the great body of the railroad employés. It was the act of a committee which the employés had authorized to take such action, and to which they had engaged to submit. They claim to know their own interests, but why should sensible men make such an engagement, since they have constantly seen the authority wantonly abused? Why should honest workmen put their own livelihood and the bread and butter of their wives and children at the mercy of the whims of men whom they have learned that they cannot trust? That there is a deep question which concerns everybody in the relations of capital and labor is unquestionable, and it is agreed by all intelligent thinkers that it can no more be settled by brute force now than at any former time. For if there be no other way to settle the equitable distribution of the fruits of production among the producers than brute force, society will lapse into barbarism.

The alleged objects of the strike of the 5th of June were two. The first was to show the thorough organization and power of associated labor. It was asserted to be designed to prove that hundreds of railroad employés would stop work, forfeit their places, and stare starvation in the face when they are entirely contented and discharging an honorable duty honorably, and without the knowledge of any cause whatever for striking. But if this were the intention of the strike, all that was shown by it was the abject slavery of a large body of American citizens. Organization for absolutely blind obedience is the organization of a despotism. It is one of the most dangerous evils possible in a free commonwealth, and it is never proposed for a purpose that will bear the light. It is, indeed, unworthy the name association, which imports equality and intelligence and deliberation. It is substantially conspiracy. It is a plot in the dark, and the man who thus surrenders his will in absolute blindness and ignorance is a mere tool and self-abused slave. To prove this could only result in diminishing respect and sympathy for all associated labor. The second object is said to have been to compel a railroad company to take back employés whom it had dismissed. Now we do not say that a body of employés may not rightfully refuse to work for an employer who has grossly and cruelly wronged a fellow-employé. But they must be sure of the facts, and they have no right to compel any other employé to join them, and they are bound to consider the rights of the public. These things being assured, their refusal may be manly and honorable and altogether justifiable. This, however, was not such a case. The employés were dismissed because they had refused to work unless the company would dismiss perfectly honest and satisfactory workmen. No honorable company and no honorable man would yield to such a demand. In this matter the company was not at fault. It had done no wrong to any employé; on the contrary, it was a case where employés had wronged their fellow-employés, and to refuse to work unless the wrong-doers were taken back was to aid and defend the worst kind of tyranny.

Intelligent working-men must be indignant with such acts upon the part of their associates. But they must not be content with indignation. They must stop such gross wrongs to employés and to the community. They do immense injury to the cause in which all thoughtful citizens are interested. Nobody believes that the great body of American citizens who live by work and wages are unintelligent and destructive, and that they do not thoroughly understand and detest such criminals as **MOST** and **SPIES**. No sensible man supposes that there is no reason for labor organization, nor that combinations of capital are not often guilty of great and dangerous wrongs and injustice. If the boycott is an outrage, so is the black list. If a strike is often causeless, an incentive to disorder, a serious wrong to the community and to honest and independent citizens, so is the legislative lobbying and corruption of great corporations a crime against society itself, because it tends to justify unlawful action and disorder. But experience shows that the dangerous tendency of all labor organization is its invasion of individual independence. The loss of that liberty is fatal to every interest in the State. The crime of corporation bribery in Legislatures and courts is that it destroys that independence, and causes betrayal of a trust for the common welfare. The danger is akin to that of party spirit, which sacrifices an end to a means. It corrodes the very fibre of manhood. **WASHINGTON** was not less a patriot because he was called a rebel and a traitor, and an honest man is not less worthy of respect and confidence, but may deserve them all the more, because he is called a scab. There is no legitimate object that any man or any body of men may desire in this country which requires for its attainment the destruction of that individual liberty or fair play which is the very soul of American institutions. This is a truth which all associations, whether of labor or of capital, cannot safely forget.

MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT.

MR. **GLADSTONE**'s defeat was anticipated, but it is a defeat which marks a triumph. The bill is refused, but the principle of Irish home rule has been adopted by the Prime Minister of England, the greatest of living English statesmen, and by a large part of the dominant party in England, and in a vote of 652 of the 670 members of Parliament the majority against the bill was but 30. After the vote was announced, Mr. **GLADSTONE**, "wearing a haggard look," says the report, left the House. The "haggard" look, however, we may believe, was due not to defeat so much as to the regretful consciousness that he was too old to lead, with the fire and endurance of youth, a popular contest before the country which should end in returning him to power and in securing the peaceful settlement of the Irish question. Indeed, when the issue is submitted to the people at the polls, the greatest disadvantage of his measure will be the absence, except at a few points, of the chief whose great distinction in history will be that he sought to strengthen union by conciliation. In one view the friends of the **GLADSTONE** scheme will not regret present Parliamentary defeat. The Parliament to which the question was submitted was not elected upon the Irish issue. The Irish vote at the elections, indeed, was cast against the Liberals, and it was by no means generally understood that upon returning to power Mr. **GLADSTONE** would offer an Irish scheme so acceptable to the Irish party. No one who wishes that in so important a measure Parliamentary action shall truly represent the national will can regret a dissolution and a direct appeal to the country.

The most interesting and significant part of the closing debate, excepting the eloquent appeal of the old Prime Minister at the close of his speech, was the speech of Mr. **PARNELL**. It was a remarkable speech in itself, and its tone and manner, as compared with those of the other great Irish leaders in a great Irish crisis, were extraordinary. It was a marvel of moderation, persuasiveness, and sagacity. It was free from extravagance of every kind, and wholly wanting in the passionate rhetoric which distinguishes such speeches from all other Irish orators. It was equally notable for the plain and direct way in which it met the vital question which was in every mind, and it well merited the praise of Mr. **GLADSTONE** that it was "a masterly exposition." We have said heretofore that the charge against Mr. **PARNELL** and his associates that they are really seeking independence, and that they regard the **GLADSTONE** bill as the first step toward imperial disruption, implied that they were mere conspirators, and Mr. **GLADSTONE** and his supporters mere dupes. Mr. **PARNELL**'s remarks upon this point, therefore, are especially significant:

> "In accepting the bill we accept honorable obligations, and we pledge ourselves for the Irish people as far as we can pledge ourselves [derisive cheering and laughter] that the powers given shall not be abused [Parnellite cheers]; to devote all the energy, ability, and influence we may have with our people to prevent them from abusing the powers intrusted to them [cheers]; that if abuses do take place, the Imperial Parliament may intervene in cases of grave emergency. You have the power, the authority, and the force, and if abuses are perpetrated, you have the remedy in your own hands. In a case of this kind you would have just the same authority you would have whether this bill had been brought forward or not, and this we recognize. I said this on the introduction of the bill. I said we would accept it as a final settlement, and that I believed the Irish people would do so. I will say no more upon this point, but my words have been singularly justified. [Parnellite cheers.]"

If in saying such things Mr. **PARNELL** is to be regarded as a false-hearted knave, those who think so should seek to put Ireland at once under the Cromwellian hand.

It is useless to regret what might have been. Yet it is evident that if Mr. **GLADSTONE**'s proposition had been received in a generous and humane spirit, if Parliament had shown frankly that it would now try the only policy in Ireland which has not been tried, the policy of friendly confidence which has worked wonders in political settlement—always reserving the power, as it has the right, to prevent any dismemberment of the empire—there is no doubt that the result would have been most extraordinary and most happy. The wrongs of five hundred years, which cannot be denied, and which have been constantly refreshed by slow, hesitating, grudging reparation, would have been lost in the grateful acknowledgment of cordial confidence, and the establishment of the Irish Parliament would have strengthened the union by arousing the gratitude of Irishmen. If, indeed, Parliament in treating the Irish question had acted in the spirit of Sir **ROBERT PEEL** when he moved the repeal of the corn-laws, it might have said proudly and truly what he said. Sir **ROBERT** frankly acknowledged that he had been always wrong upon the question, and in closing his last speech in favor of the measure he described the results that had attended the mere prospect of repeal: "Where there was dissatisfaction, I see contentment; where there was turbulence, I see there is peace; where there was disloyalty, I see there is loyalty. I see a disposition to confide in you, and not to agitate questions that are the foundations of your institutions." When the appeal is made to England upon the great question of to-day, let us hope that the result may enable **GLADSTONE** to repeat with equal truth the words of Sir **ROBERT PEEL**.

THE RANDALL-HOLMAN SCHEME.

IN a series of letters to the New York *Times* Mr. **DORMAN B. EATON** has relentlessly and conclusively exposed the purpose, the ignorance, and the folly of the **RANDALL-HOLMAN** assault upon the civil service law. The President has made and promulgated under the law certain rules regarding selections for appointment in the civil service, and Mr. **RANDALL** proposes to stop the salary of the Civil Service Commission if these rules are not changed so as to prevent their accomplishing their object. But it is not the Commission, it is the President, who makes the rules. Why, then, do not Messrs. **RANDALL** and **HOLMAN** make the payment of the President's salary contingent upon his obedience to their proposition? We have already shown that their measure would annul the reform bill, and practically restore the mercenary and dangerous system which it is the object of the law to abolish. But it would do more. It would set the precedent of introducing radical legislation into appropriation bills, and effecting the practical repeal of laws under the pretence of enforcing them. Mr. **EATON** pursues this view into detail, and shows that the precedent would make the payment of all salaries for existing offices dependent upon changes forced upon the laws in money bills. It is a good illustration of the wisdom of Messrs. **RANDALL** and **HOLMAN** that, under their proposition, the salaries of collectors and postmasters could be made dependent upon the condition of allowing members of Congress to appoint their clerks.

Mr. **EATON** shows also how grossly ignorant Mr. **RANDALL** and Mr. **HOLMAN** prove themselves to be of the actual operation of the law that they would tinker. They would confuse hopelessly all proceedings under the rules. The demonstration of their ignorance is relentless and complete, and leaves the gentlemen in the most ludicrous light. Their motives are left high and dry in full view. They mean not only to undo such reform as has been accomplished in the service, but to baffle the President's efforts, and to achieve what every venal politician in every party ardently desires. Their petty pretence of economy Mr. **EATON** lays bare remorselessly. Double the clerical force of the Commission would be unequal to the increased work which they propose, while the result of opening the whole eligible list would be to demoralize the service to the utmost. The scheme is a practical declaration that those who are most nearly incompetent, if they can get political influence enough, may be preferred to those who have shown the highest qualifications for the duty for which the people pay the salary. There is no man so stupid that he cannot see that this is a project to reward incompetence at the public expense.

But the great object of this attempt of Messrs. **RANDALL** and **HOLMAN** to nullify the reform law is to coerce the President by convincing him that his party does not and will not support his reform policy, and that he must abandon it. It is but another form of the immense and angry pressure which has been brought to bear upon him, and which is very much more powerful than is generally supposed. When General **GRANT** was warned that if he undertook seriously to enforce reform he would encounter a formidable pressure, he smiled and said that he was used to it. So he had been used to it, but not to this kind of pressure, and when it came, even General **GRANT** yielded. We do not believe that Mr. **CLEVE**-

land will yield. He has, what General Grant had not, the support of a great and enlightened public opinion, and of a law passed by both parties in Congress, not willingly, but in obedience to that opinion. The evil design of the Randall-Holman clause will be frustrated, we hope, in the House. If not, it will hardly be sustained by the Senate, although Senators like Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, would wish to support it. But should it pass Congress, the President's veto, we believe, would arrest it even if it should delay the whole bill. The President has been sometimes deceived, and his deliberate judgment has sometimes seemed to us at fault. But this is a matter upon which he cannot be deceived. He understands, we are sure, the significance of the effort, and if the opportunity should be offered him, the country would undoubtedly see that he understands it.

PROMPT ACTION WANTED.

There is no legislation which is more urgently necessary than that for the Indians, and there is none which is in greater peril of total neglect, for the reason that Indians have no votes. Congressional action is generally a game of party seesaw, and if no party advantage can be seen to depend upon prompt consideration of a bill, however carefully matured in committee, it has very small chance of attention in the House. The 27th and 29th of May were assigned by the House for the bills reported by the Committee on Indian Affairs. They were to be treated in the following order: the bill for the allotment of land in severalty and the extension of law over the Indians; the Sioux bill; the Allen bill for right of way for railroads through Indian reservations; and the bill for the relief of the Mission Indians in California. Excepting the Allen bill, these bills had been fully considered in the Senate during the last session. They had passed again this session, and after careful examination and slight amendment by the House committee they had been reported. They are all of the highest importance in the settlement of the Indian question. Petitions from all sides, and signed by multitudes of citizens deeply interested in the subject, have been presented. The day of hope for the Indians seemed to have dawned, and the subject had been so thoroughly considered that the two days were thought ample for the proper disposition of the bills.

Suddenly the question of the oleomargarine tax was sprung upon the House. The agricultural interest, the butter market, hay-seed votes, at once engrossed the attention of the members, and the Indians, who have no votes, and long-delayed justice, and despised rights, and honorable claims, were swept aside, and the House slipped into a long debate upon oleomargarine, and decided to tax one business to help another. The Committee on Indian Affairs have been put off with a vague promise of a day for considering these bills, and we trust that it may dawn before this article is published. But it is not to be expected. It is late in the session. The heat is increasing. The desire of members to look after their fences is very active, and the appropriation bills are late. The chances are against the Indian bills. They will be plunged into the general scramble at the end of the session, and the feeling that the Indian has waited a great many years, and may as well wait a little longer, will probably condemn him to further injustice, and the national character to deeper reproach.

The most intelligent friends of the Indian measures think that a single day of attention to them would suffice for their passage, and they would establish in law the cardinal conditions of Indian civilization. The House, however, cannot neglect them upon the ground that the Indians have no friends, although they have no votes. They have, on the contrary, a great body of friends. There is a powerful public opinion favorable to the settlement of the Indian question by promoting the civilization of the Indians. There are multitudes of persons actively engaged in the work of aiding them, and after many years the one great public question which seemed to interest nobody interests multitudes. The abuses to which the Indians are exposed, the wrongs which they suffer, and which are generally the occasion of the Indian outbreaks and wars, are to be arrested only by such measures as these bills provide. Delay and postponement will necessarily result in the prolongation of the evil system. There must be members of the House who understand this, who appreciate the great outrage of a delay which means the perpetuation of injustice, and who are willing to do something for the true honor of the national name. If we commend Gladstone for aiding Ireland to obtain what he believes to be only just and reasonable redress for grievances, why should not such members earn commendation for themselves by refusing to connive longer at gross injustice to the Indians?

BOGIES AND BUGABOOS.

The letter of Secretary Manning resigning his office, and that of the President asking him to leave the question of his continuance open until October, hardly justify the dismal apprehension and assertion of the campaign of '84 that the election of Mr. Cleveland portended national disaster. The earnest and honest and even pathetic appeal to the Mugwumps was the question whether, conceding everything that was alleged by them against the candidacy of Mr. Blaine, his election was not infinitely to be preferred to the untold and incalculable disasters of Mr. Cleveland's success, which would, first of all, paralyze industry, ruin business, and plunge us into financial chaos.

The papers which made this appeal most sonorously, and which sneered at Mr. Manning upon his appointment as merely a local boss, the head of the Democratic machine in New York, now admit his great services, and concede that his resignation would be a public misfortune. They insist, however, that his party would furnish no sound and competent successor. But this is only the refrain of '84. Mr. Reed, of Maine, is reported to have said in the Republican Convention which very properly renominated him for Congress that the Secretary of the Treasury has done well enough, because he has done what his Republican predecessors did, and that, he implied, was not to have been expected. Then the anticipation of disaster in the event of Mr. Cleveland's success was mistaken, and the argument that Democrats cannot be trusted to administer the government properly is disproved.

That disproof is of the greatest advantage to the country, because politics are simply revolutionary when it is held that the opposing party is inimical to the government itself. The disproof has been furnished before. Judge Kelley in the House of Representatives, after an eloquent and generous defence of Secretary Stanton, recently read a letter of the Secretary's not before published. It shows the man of whom the New York *Tribune* eagerly says:

> "Stanton was a patriot of so firm and indomitable a character that his purity and single-mindedness belittled and humiliated the crowd of greedy egotists who pushed to the doors of the Treasury, and the same qualities even obscured the greatness of all but the greatest of his contemporaries. When the names of Lincoln and Grant have been written, there is no other that deserves to be linked with that of Stanton. He was a Heaven-sent minister, if ever there was one. Carnot, the organizer of battles, was less to France in the crisis of the Revolution than our War Secretary was to the salvation of the Union. So just, so pure, so incorruptible, so patriotic was he that it seems almost a work of supererogation to attempt the defence of his memory against the base aspersions of the Confederate brigadier who 'with his darkness durst affront this light.'"

This praise is not too glowing for Mr. Stanton. If his Republican predecessor sturdily defended the Treasury against thieves and schemers and contractors, not less did he, although he was a Democrat. Doubtless the Democratic Secretary fulfilled his tremendous trust as honestly, as effectively, and as patriotically as his Republican predecessor could have done had he held the Secretaryship through the war. Mr. Stanton showed what many Republicans forget, that a Democrat could be a patriot, for Mr. Stanton was none the less a Democrat because he was a member of a Republican cabinet. In the same way a "Confederate brigadier" may be as loyal a Union man as any other, else why did General Grant intrust Union offices to Mr. Orr and to General Longstreet? The argument of mere distrust is no longer available. A Democratic Secretary of the Treasury does not wreck the national finances, and a Democratic President does more for reform in the civil service than has yet been accomplished. This fact does not prove that Republicans should become Democrats, but it does show that it is time that our politics should deal with principles and policies, not with bogies and bugaboos.

BACHELOR AND DOCTOR *CUM LAUDE.*

Columbia College is renowned as one of the most conservative and prudent colleges in the country, and it has been "chaffed" sometimes for allowing its reverence for tradition to chill its interest in progress. But yet it is one of the few great colleges which have admitted women to examination and to a college certificate of their attainments, and it has recently decided by a unanimous vote of the Board of Trustees to confer upon women the various literary and philosophical degrees to which, upon examination, they may be found entitled.

Consequently, at the late Commencement, this venerable mother of arts, literature, and science, for the first time—and we believe first of any institution of similar standing in the country—conferred upon a young woman in person, who was already a Bachelor of Wellesley College, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy *cum laude*. As Bellario of Padua, commending Portia, wrote to the Duke of Venice, so Columbia said to the young Bachelor of Wellesley, to whom she gave the degree: "In loving visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome.... I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation.... I leave him to your gracious acceptance."

The young Doctor and Bachelor, as she stood before the President and Faculty and Trustees and received her diploma, was a harbinger of advancing civilization, and of the constant enlightenment which makes this age brighter than its predecessors. Her presence on that academic stage meant that every opportunity of generous development shall be opened to women, and it showed that if Columbia College, cautious, wise, and much-deliberating, does not refuse her honors to trained and proved scholarship and intellectual attainment merely because they appear in the feminine form, no other institution need hesitate. Where Columbia dares to lead, every college in the land may dare to follow.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

As the Congressional elections take place in the autumn, the press on both sides is urging the nomination of those candidates only who stand squarely upon the party platform. But how if upon one of the paramount issues of the time neither party has any platform to stand upon? Democratic leaders in Congress, Mr. Randall and Mr. Holman and Mr. Vance, spurn civil service reform. The Republican Mr. Ingalls echoes his Democratic colleague Vance, while the Republican Legislature of Massachusetts practically repeals this reform law; and the lively Mr. David T. Liffler, the Illinois member of the National Republican Committee, says, with warmth, "I believe it to be the duty of the next Republican State Convention to take bold ground against that infernal un-Republican and un-American measure in its practical operation"—which, as Mrs. Gamp would remark, he means civil service reform.

Now Mr. Randall and Mr. Holman could not stand squarely upon the Democratic platform if reform were one of its planks, and Mr. Liffler would slip entirely off the Republican platform if it favored that "infernal un-Republican measure." Mr. Liffler must know what orthodox Republican doctrine is, and Mr. Randall and Mr. Holman are equally learned in Democratic principles. But all these gentlemen, with the overwhelming Republican majority in the Massachusetts Legislature, repudiate reform. To vote for a Democrat or a Republican as such, therefore, is not to vote for reform. The candidate, indeed, may be a reformer, but he is not a reformer for the reason that he is a Democrat or a Republican.

In this situation, voters who mean reform—and they are a very large body—must act accordingly. They must ascertain precisely the views of the candidates, and wherever neither of them is satisfactory, and the situation favors such a course, they would do well to nominate a reform candidate who would sustain the Executive in his reform policy. Republicans, indeed, are more generally friendly to reform than Democrats. But the Republican who lives in Mr. Liffler's district, for instance, would not help reform by voting for that gentleman if he were a candidate for Congress, and any Democrat who wished to stab reform while professing to hope that it was in health would vote with ardor for Mr. Holman or Mr. Randall.

PERSONAL.

While eating their latest annual dinner the National Academicians conceived the idea of sending to Mr. Arthur Quartley, whom they had just elected to be one of their number, and who was very ill at home, a short note expressive of their sympathy, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers gathered from the various decorations of the table. Mr. Frederic Dielman drew up an expression of their feelings, and Mr. Huntington, the President of the Academy, signed it. On receiving this tribute Mr. Quartley was deeply touched, and the next morning he wrote with his own hand an interesting reply. His letter read as follows:

"New York, *May* 13, 1886.

"*Daniel Huntington, Esq., P.N.A.D.:*

"Dear Sir,—Your note conveying to me 'the greeting and kindest wishes of the entire body of National Academicians,' who had just done me the honor I had so long wished for in electing me a member of the National Academy of Design, was duly delivered, together with the beautiful flowers from some kindly source. At the moment, and indeed for hours before and after, I was suffering excruciating pain, but realized on awaking this morning the pleasure and good your most kind and thoughtful action was to have for me to-day, and, I hope, for many days.

"I know that I have entered the Academy under circumstances most unusual and honorable, and can only further wish I could command fitting words to express all I feel.

"Believe me, dear sir, deeply grateful, and faithfully yours,

"Arthur Quartley.

"52 South Washington Square."

Six days afterward Mr. Quartley was dead.

—At the office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the following document hangs framed in a place of honor: "The inspiration, written by Mr. Henry Bergh, on which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was organized: 'The undersigned, desirous of rescuing the unprotected children of this city and State from the cruelty and demoralization which neglect and abandonment engender, hereby engage to aid with their sympathy and support the organization and working of a Children's Protective Society, having in view the realization of so important a purpose.'" Two names follow, those of Henry Bergh and the late John D. Wright, for many years President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

—Mr. Frederick Saunders, the Librarian of the Astor Library, who probably has as wide an acquaintance with literary men as any other citizen, will soon publish a new volume on the origin of famous books and poems, for which he has made many researches. Mr. Saunders thinks that Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* was originally designed to inculcate a love for nature, and that the killing of the albatross was an after-thought. He believes also that Coleridge's inflammatory rheumatism was the only reason of his indulgence in the use of opium.

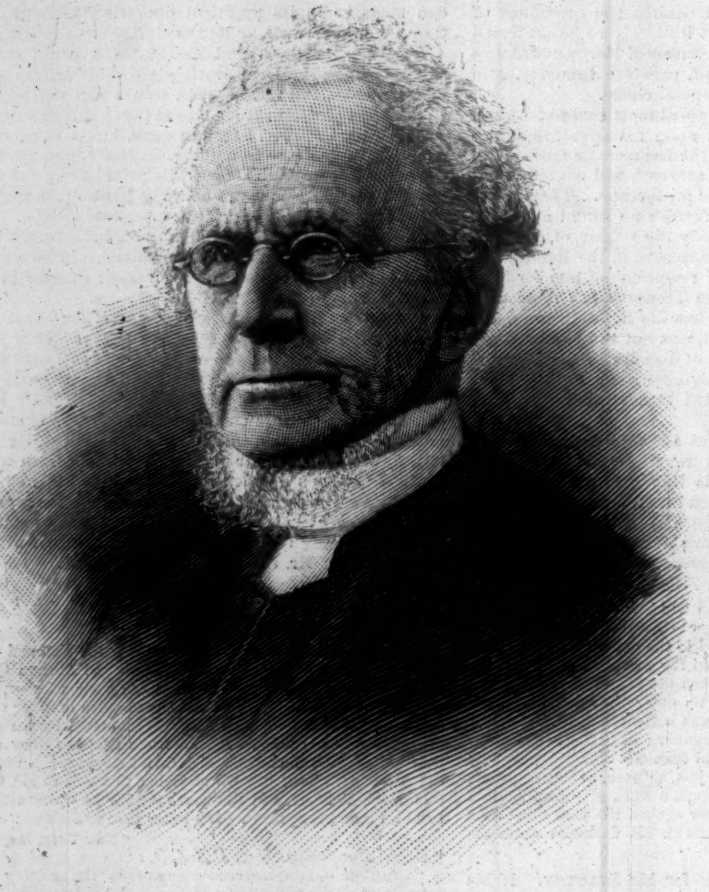
—Mrs. Mary Stuart, the widow of the late millionaire merchant Robert L. Stuart, has decided to divide her valuable private library among several public institutions, giving an important part to the Museum of Natural History.

—Mr. James R. Osgood was entertained at dinner on the 7th of June at the Continental Hotel, in London, by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, the celebrated American artist. Fifty guests were present, among them Messrs. Alma-Tadema, G. H. Boughton, Alfred Parsons, F. D. Millet, Edmund Gosse, Brander Matthews, Austin Dobson, Thomas Hardy, William Black, Bret Harte, J. A. McN. Whistler, G. du Maurier, of *Punch*, J. R. Robinson, of the London *Daily News*, Comyns Carr, of *Macmillan's*, and T. Humphrey Ward, of the London *Times*.

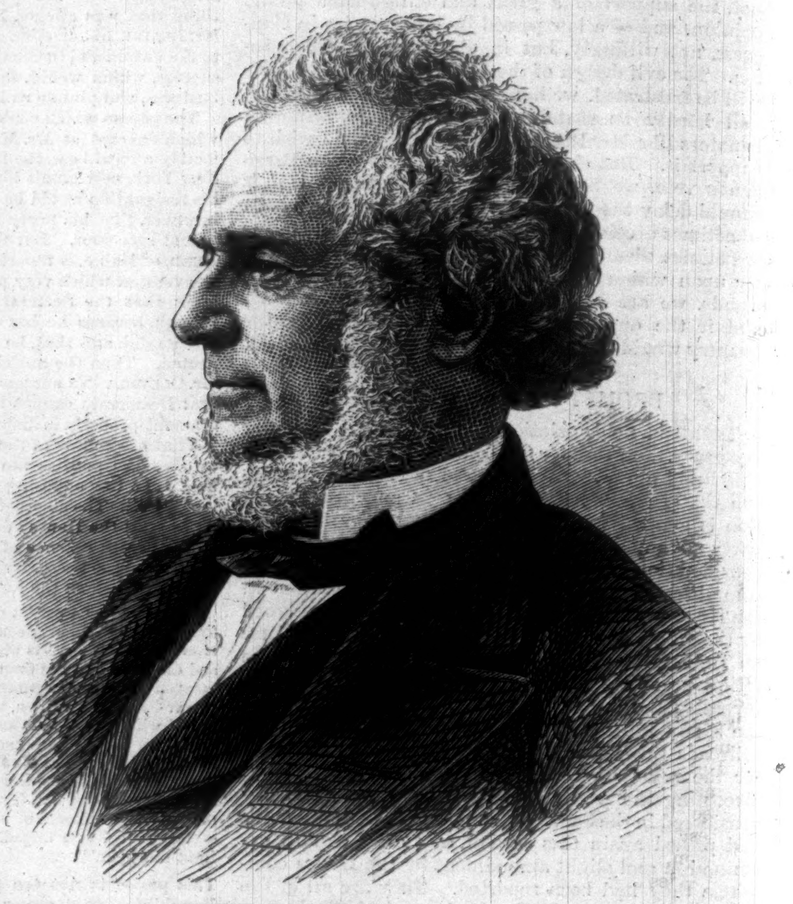
—The late Mr. William H. Vanderbilt's gift of half a million dollars to the College of Physicians and Surgeons has been followed by a gift of one hundred thousand dollars to the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, through Dr. Loomis, of the University. The donor's name is concealed, but his direction is that the new building to be erected with his money shall bear the name of Dr. Loomis.

—Mr. F. S. Church, the artist, whose work is so well known to the readers of Harper's Weekly, has discovered that some of his designs have been used for advertising purposes. As it has been Mr. Church's prudent practice to copyright his works, he has been able to recover damages from the offenders, and to secure the destruction of the unauthorized prints, and of the plates from which they were made. In enforcing his rights Mr. Church has rendered his fellow-artists and the public a real service, and given a needed warning to the appropriators of works of art protected by copyright.

—General W. T. Sherman recalls the time when "a beautiful young city-bred lady" married a poor second lieutenant, and followed him to the plains, where he lived in a dug-out. "This little lady had her Saratoga trunk, which was the chief article of her furniture, yet by means of a rug on the ground-floor, a few candle-boxes covered with red cotton calico for seats, a table improvised out of a barrel head, and a fireplace and chimney excavated in the back wall or bank, she had transformed her 'hole in the ground' into a most attractive home for her young warrior husband; and she entertained me with a supper consisting of the best of coffee, fried ham, cakes and jellies from the commissary, which made on my mind an impression more lasting than has any one of the hundreds of magnificent banquets I have since attended in the palaces and mansions of our own and foreign lands."



REV. JOHN WILLIAMSON NEVIN, D.D.—Phot. by Rote, Lancaster, Penn.—[See Page 394.]

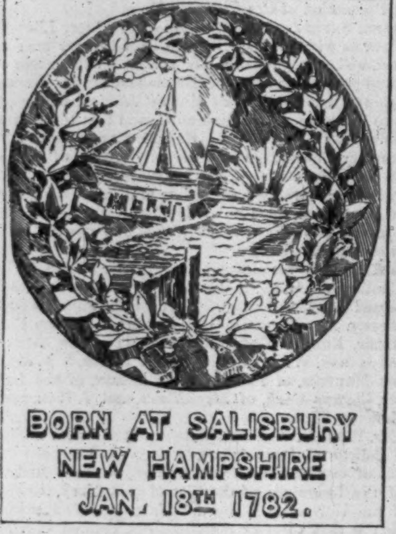


COLONEL RICHARD M. HOE.—[See Page 395.]

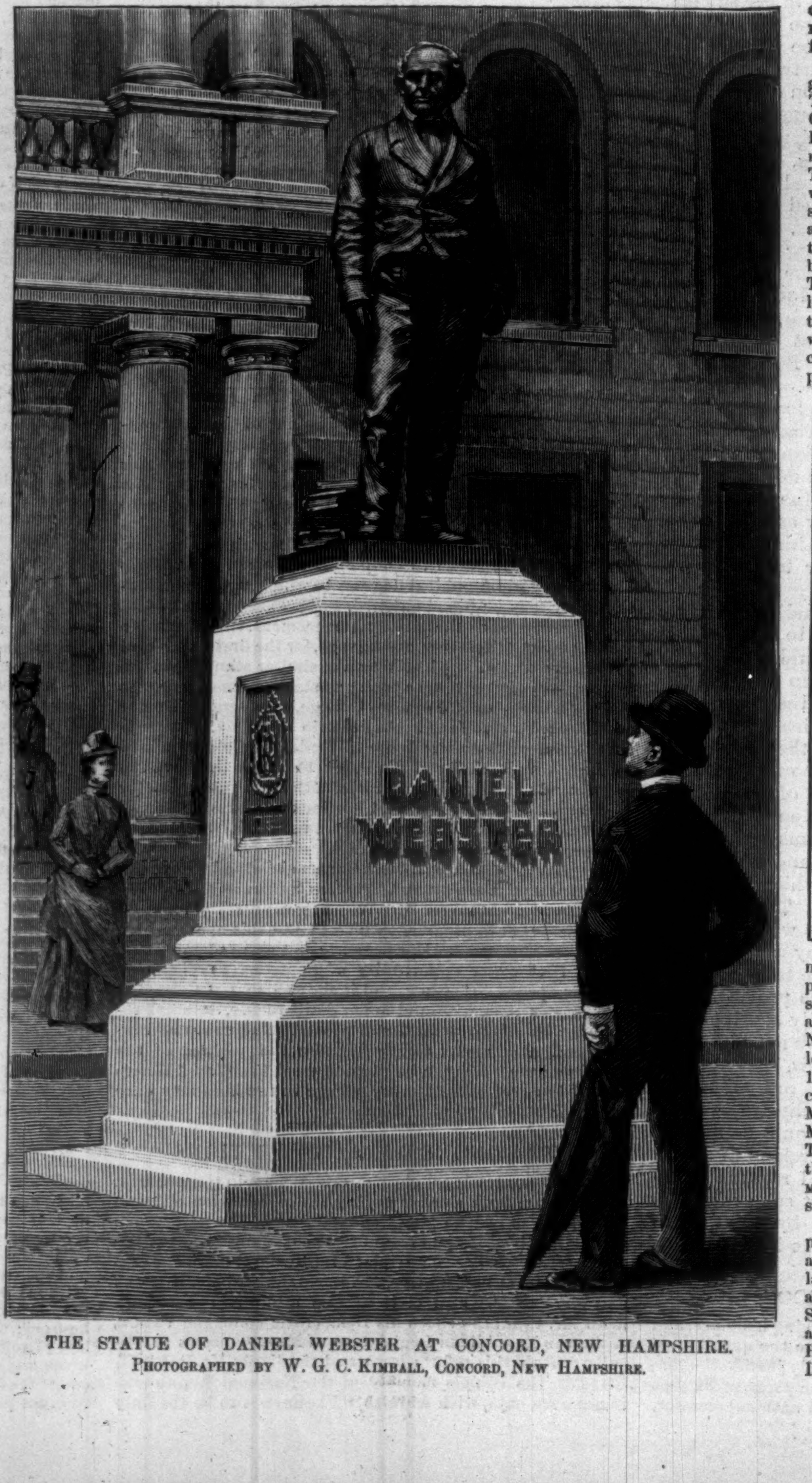
DANIEL WEBSTER.

Through the generosity of Mr. Benjamin Pierce Cheney, of Boston, the State of New Hampshire has come into possession of a magnificent statue of her most distinguished son—a picture of which statue accompanies this article. The date of the unveiling of this representation in bronze of Daniel Webster was fixed for the 17th inst., and properly imposing civic, military, and forensic ceremonies were of course arranged in connection with it. The statue occupies a commanding site in the State-house Park at Concord, directly in front of the Capitol.

The execution of the statue was confided to Thomas Ball, sculptor, and the model was made by him at Florence, the casting being done in Munich. It is no small compliment to the artistic excellence of the statue to say that the art-loving people of Munich and the municipal authorities of that city agreed that the work was worthy of public inspection, and, in accordance with a general request, the bronze figure of the American statesman was placed on exhibition in that foreign city for several days before its shipment to this country.

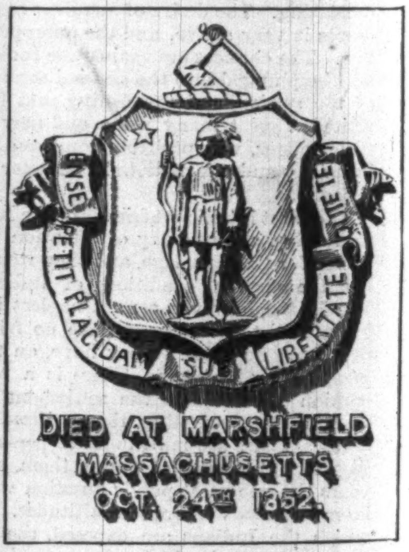


The statue is eight feet in height, and represents the great New Hampshire statesman standing in an easy, graceful attitude as if about to speak. The pose has impressed the spectators of the statue as commanding and characteristic. The head is turned slightly to the right, and the expression of the features is calm and distinctly intellectual. The arms hang naturally at the side, and the left hand holds a partly opened manuscript. There can be but little question of the dress in which the figure is clad, since it is that in which Daniel Webster was most commonly seen. His ample old-style dress-coat is buttoned at the waist, the tails spreading out voluminously behind. The rolling collar of the garment discloses a plain shirt bosom, and the massive throat of the old statesman is enveloped in the stiff and uncompromising stock of his times. The likeness is that of Webster in his closing years, and is declared by those who remember him at that period of his life to be a faithful portrait.

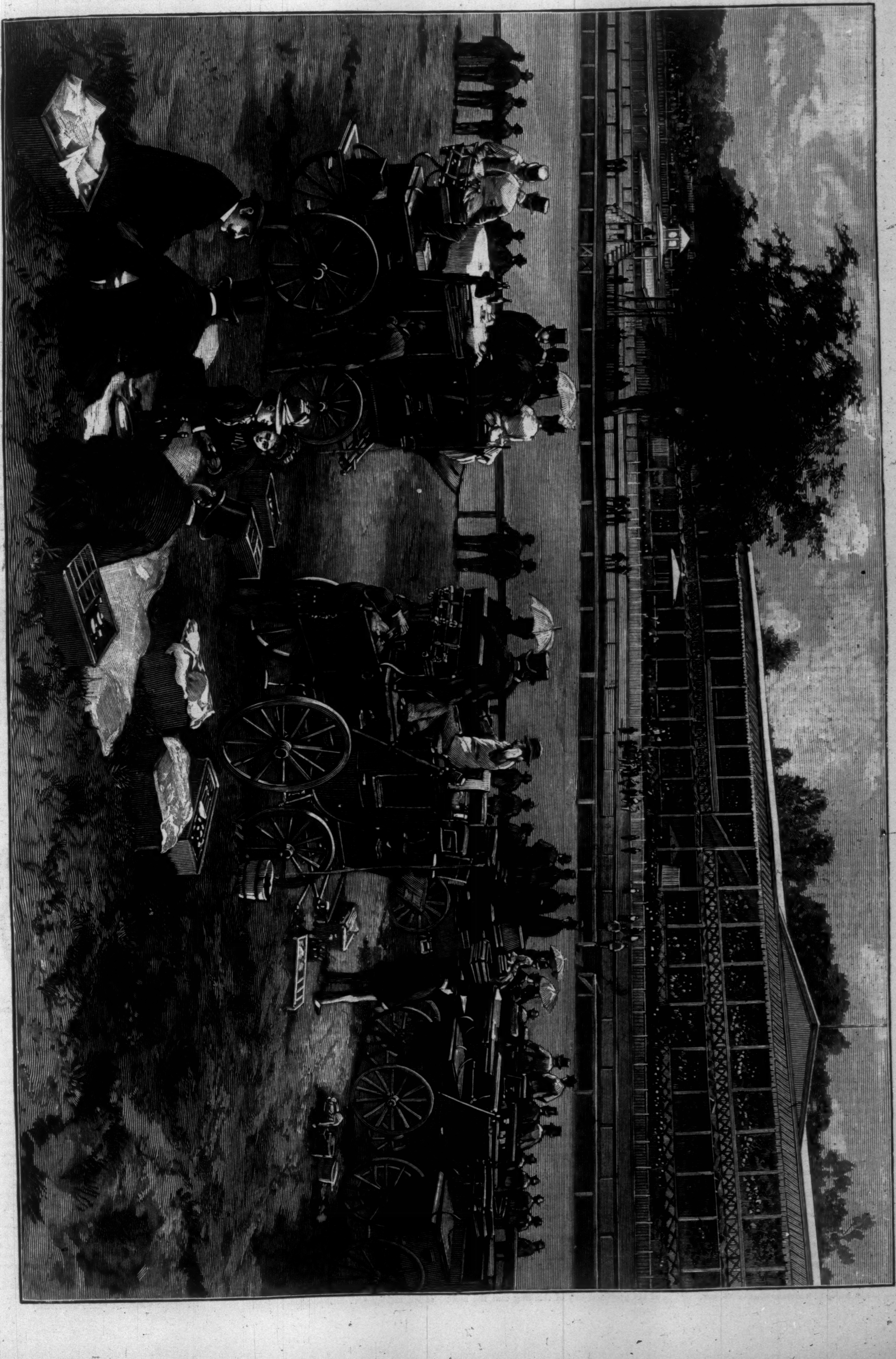


THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Photographed by W. G. C. Kimball, Concord, New Hampshire.

The total height of the statue and its massive granite pedestal is a trifle over seventeen feet. This pedestal has been constructed of the finest Concord granite. It also was designed by Thomas Ball, but the work was executed under the direction of John A. Coffey, a Boston architect. The base consists of a single stone, which weighs nearly twelve tons, and is nine feet square. The plinth is four feet high and six and a half feet long and wide. The edges of this beautiful granite block are bevelled, and embellished with a series of finely cut mouldings. The die is a superb piece of granite four and a half feet square and five and a quarter feet high, tapering toward the top. The statue faces toward the east. On the front of the pedestal are cut in plain letters on the polished granite simply the words "Daniel Webster." On the remaining three sides of the granite base are bronze panels, which bear appropriate legends and designs. On the tablet which faces to the north are blazoned the coat of arms of the State of New Hampshire, and the words in ornamental letters, "Born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, Jan. 18th, 1782." On the opposite bronze tablet, facing south, is the coat of arms of the State of Massachusetts, and the inscription, "Died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, Oct. 24th, 1852." These two tablets are herewith reproduced. On the west tablet is written, "Presented by Benjamin Pierce Cheney to the State of New Hampshire Jan. 18th 1886."



The weight of the statue proper is two thousand pounds, and the entire cost, including the base and pedestal, has been about twelve thousand dollars. The foundation and pedestal were put in at the expense of the donor of the statue, but the State is to assume the cost of surrounding it with a handsome granite coping. The people of New Hampshire are of the opinion that this statue of Daniel Webster will stand unrivalled.



COACHES AT JEROME PARK ON A RACE DAY.—Drawn from Photographs by Bidwell.—[See Page 395.]

CYNIC FORTUNE:*

A TALE OF A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR," "RAINBOW GOLD," "A MODEL FATHER," ETC.

XIII.

MR. GABRIEL KENYON began to see that in inviting Douglas to the Lodge he had committed a blunder—possibly a blunder of the first order. When you have invited a man to stay a specified time with you, it is not the easiest thing in the world to get rid of him before that specified time has expired. There are many ways by which the thing can be done, but all but one of them involve a departure from strict veracity. Strict veracity is a beautiful thing in its way, but social and sociable people contrive for the most part to live without it. A good many people, finding a guest unwelcome or undesirable, would be able to equivocate with him, to find pressing business for themselves, to invent a family lawyer, a sick friend, a doctor's stern injunction to travel. But the sturdy moralists who do these things resemble the happy gourmand whose digestive organs have not yet begun to fail him—they commit indiscretions and feel no evil consequences. The dyspeptic views their achievements with dread; their ventures look sinful to him. In like manner Mr. Gabriel, whose spiritual peptics were, as we know, long since disordered, recoiled from the least offence to conscience. There were many occasions upon which a little trifle of a lie would have been a luxury to him, but he never felt free to indulge himself. Happy people who can eat what they will! Twice happy they of robust moral digestion! But nobody can have his cake and eat it. Mr. Gabriel had eaten all his cake at a sitting, so to speak. He hankered after more pretty often, but suppressed his longings as best he might, and was horribly afraid of them, as evidencing an unregenerate frame of mind.

The blunder into which he felt he had fallen with respect to Douglas was this: he had forgotten that his niece was growing up to be a woman, and in many respects an unusually attractive and charming one, and it had never occurred to him that she could yet be looked on as anything but a child.

There were few persons in the world whom Mr. Gabriel supposed to be less capable of giving him lessons than young Lord Bagleigh. But it was from Lord Bagleigh that he received his first lesson upon this question.

His Lordship rode over one morning and asked to see Mr. Kenyon alone. Mr. Kenyon was at the moment engaged in interviewing a poacher, whom he at once remanded on receipt of Bagleigh's message. The wrong-doer and his satellites of the county police force having withdrawn, the visitor was shown into Gabriel's library. He was pale, and his manner was distinctly nervous. He was dressed within an inch of his life, and had pitilessly garroted himself with a collar of unusual proportions. He was always very accurately groomed, but this morning he was more than usually sleek, and he had, in honor of the special sentiment of the day, for the first time assumed the manly decoration of bangles, which some gifted spirit had but newly discovered to form an appropriate finish to male attire. He was partly proud and partly ashamed of these, and manifested alternate gusts of desire to show them and not to show them. When he had shown them he became suddenly ashamed of them, and hid them. When he had disguised them, after a minute or two it seemed necessary to put them in evidence.

After an exchange of the ordinary salutations his Lordship sat down, and, toying surreptitiously with the bangles, said it was a fine day. Gabriel assented, and his Lordship sank into a confused silence. It was improbable, on the face of things, that he should have ridden over and have demanded a private interview for the purpose of making this statement only, but for a minute or two he made no further conversational effort.

It was a part of Gabriel's general plan to allow people who had business with him to make their own opportunities for introducing it. He had found from experience that the waiting game was his strong point. But Bagleigh paused so long, and was so evidently ill at ease, that at last he felt compelled to lead him on.

"You wished to see me privately?" said Gabriel.

"Y-e-s," responded Bagleigh.

"We are quite alone," said Gabriel, smiling, when another pause had shown more clearly than ever the completeness of his Lordship's embarrassment.

Bagleigh smiled at him, with the look of a martyr in his agony.

Mr. Kenyon was a man who was largely influenced by the territorial and aristocratic sentiments, but for the moment he almost despised the vacuous and helpless young gentleman before him.

"Look here," said his Lordship, suddenly: "I've been thinking—".

He stopped there as if the statement half ashamed him.

"Yes?" said Gabriel, suavely, "you have been thinking?"

"I've been thinking about getting married," said Bagleigh.

"Getting married?" said Gabriel. "Yes? By no means an unwise reflection."

"I think, you know," said his Lordship, speaking rapidly, and with something of a nervous stammer—"I think, you know, that a fellow ought to get married. I think it keeps a fellow straight, gives a fellow an object, don't you know, and all that sort of thing."

"Quite so," Gabriel answered, caressing one hand with the palm of the other, and leaning forward with an air half of humility and half of patronage. "Quite so, quite so."

"I've been in a deuce of a state about it," said his Lordship, "for no end of a time, and I can't stand it any longer."

Gabriel began to flutter a little. He began to guess. His first answer to the guess was, "Impossible." His next took the form of a question. Was it so impossible, after all?

"Have you," he demanded, "fixed upon any special young lady, or is the desire you express a merely general—"

He spoke with a little drawl, pausing between each word, and finding no conveniently rounded finish to his sentence, he closed it with a little flourish of the hands and a nervous smile.

His Lordship, who had been absorbed in the contemplation of his bangles, hid them with a sudden air of shame, and found nothing to say for himself.

"I presume," said Gabriel, "that you have an actual object in your mind?"

"Yes," said Bagleigh, with an air so furtive and shamefaced that he might have been confessing to a petty larceny.

"Was it," asked Gabriel, "your intention to confide in me, or to ask my advice?"

"Yes," said Bagleigh.

"Well, I am sure," Kenyon answered, making his voice and manner as genial as he could, "if I can be of the slightest assistance to you in this matter—a matter so important to yourself—I shall really be delighted."

"Shall you?" cried his Lordship, eagerly. "I am glad of that."

"Delighted," Gabriel replied, with a charming air of innocence. "Now," he added, "in what way do you think I can be of service?"

"Look here," said Bagleigh, with an effort: "I want your permission—"

He had begun with an evident intent to declare himself at full, but here he floundered and broke down.

"My permission?" asked Gabriel, a little blinder than he need have been. But he too was flurried by the turn the interview had taken.

"Yes," said Bagleigh; "that's where it is."

The statement was vague, yet it appeared to justify Gabriel's belief.

"Excuse me, Bagleigh," he said, "but let me ask you to make yourself quite clear. You ask my permission to do what?"

"I want to know," said Bagleigh, desperately, "if you will let me speak to Miss Kenyon."

"Do I understand," Gabriel asked him, "that you desire to offer your hand to my niece?"

"Yes," said his Lordship; "that's what I want."

"The proposal," said Gabriel, "takes me aback a little, I confess."

"Don't say that," cried Bagleigh, beseechingly.

"My niece," said Gabriel, "is quite a child. I have never yet associated her in my mind with the idea of marriage. You have, I suppose, fully made up your mind upon the matter?"

"Oh yes," said Bagleigh. "I'm quite set upon it, I assure you."

"After all," said Gabriel, who was becoming inured to the position, "Helen is nearly eighteen years of age. It is not quite unheard of that a girl of that age should have suitors."

"Not at all," said his Lordship, who also began to be a little more at ease now that his mission was in part accomplished. "There was Straker, married quite a girl only a month or two ago, and she turned out to have been married before, and to have a husband living—no end of a bad lot, don't you know."

He seemed to perceive when he had spoken that the illustration was hardly germane to the case, and began to fumble feebly beneath his wristbands.

The influence of the territorial and aristocratic sentiment was almost inadequate to Gabriel's need, but he said nothing, which, all things considered, was perhaps the wisest thing for him to do. His Lordship was in the state of mind to be upset by a trifle; and having realized the idea that he was an ass, he permitted himself to be embarrassed by it terribly.

"May I ask," said Gabriel, after a while, "if it is your Lordship's desire that I should speak to my niece?"

"I should be awfully obliged if you would, don't you know," returned his Lordship; and, rising, he advanced to shake hands.

"You'll stay to luncheon?" said Gabriel.

"No," returned his Lordship, with emphasis; "not to-day. The fact is, I just rode over—"

"I will speak to my niece, then," said Gabriel, smoothly, "and will lay your Lordship's flattering proposal before her."

Bagleigh got away precipitately, and at the gates encountered Douglas, who saluted him with more amiability than common. His Lordship, who had been hurried into premature action by the young barrister's presence, was not disposed to accept his overtures, and contented himself by a surly nod.

Gabriel found no opportunity to approach his niece with any announcement of the honor Lord Bagleigh had laid upon her until late that evening. He spent the greater part of the day in thinking about it, and being from the beginning an egotist of the profounder sort, he surveyed it entirely in those aspects which concerned himself. To begin with, it was necessary to appreciate the position of Providence in the matter, and to appreciate it fairly. If there was one thing in the world about which Gabriel Kenyon had come to be surer than another, it was that nothing happened to him without having a definite intention in it. Trifles assumed an appearance of first-rate importance in his eyes, and events of real weight in his affairs were providential tests. It was significant of the man and of his practised way of thinking that the more inflamed, irritated, and generally abnormal his conscience grew, the more he was inclined to believe it to be healthy. If ever his faithful watch-dog ceased to bark, he himself took up the task and barked until he wakened it.

Now, in view of Lord Bagleigh's offer for Helen's hand, he began to take himself to task with much zeal as to whether he himself were going to reap any advantage by this unlooked-for circumstance; as to whether he were getting to overvalue this world's goods; as to whether the influence of the territorial and aristocratic sentiment were too powerful within him; as to whether the proposal and its consequences were a cross to be carried or a temptation to be shunned.

If it had not been for the crime of more than thirteen years ago, his conscience would never have grown to be so tender. But, apart from this, to all practical intent, the crime was dead and buried and forgotten. Gabriel knew well enough the effect it had had upon him, and looked upon it, so far as it went, as an unmixed good. But after this lapse of years it was not easy to feel that he, the present Gabriel Kenyon, was in any way responsible for the act of Auguste Moreau. Actually, in his own mind, he dissociated himself from that poverty-stricken and hungry criminal. Months of suffering and of terror, years of goodness, blemished only by those little peccadilloes of which the noblest may at times be guilty, had set him at so great a distance from his former self that they were quite apart. He had outlived that latest punishment of his crime which had developed itself in his affection for his niece. It is pretty evident that nothing in the whole inner furniture of the man was sound, but this love of his for the girl was as near being natural as it was possible for it to be. It was not terrible to him, as it had been, but was a sign, in his infernal juggling casuistry, that he was reconciled to the world, to himself, and to Heaven.

But indeed this thing was certain: except for the vigilant watch which he kept upon his conscience (which he felt to be a thing in itself altogether admirable), he could long since have been at rest. He inflamed that monitor wilfully and of malice aforethought; he kept him awake at night, and he sedulously poked at him in his kennel all day long. He was determined to be virtuous and ill at ease. He thought that he was the chief of sinners, and rejoiced in a fat humility that he should think so. He was conscious there was no equally worthy testimonial to grace.

Gabriel and Douglas were alone in the drawing-room that evening when dinner was announced. Gabriel was silent, being occupied with his own reflections about Lord Bagleigh's proposal of the morning; and Dick was also silent, being occupied by the works of love in idleness.

"Dinner is on the table, sir," said the venerable Partridge, appearing at the door.

Gabriel rose, and motioned Douglas to lead the way down-stairs. It was one of Gabriel's boasts to be as punctual as Time himself, and he would allow nothing to wait for anybody. He manifested even toward his niece a little frosty displeasure when she infringed this rule of his, and as he followed Douglas down the staircase his manner was iced, and he wore an air of injury.

He was scarcely half-way to the dining-room, however, when he turned at the sound of the girl's step behind him, and beheld her radiant. She paused, and made him a mock courtesy.

"You were getting ready to scold," she said—"I knew it by the shape of your shoulders."

Gabriel smiled at this, and, notwithstanding his passion for punctuality, waited for her to approach him, and stood there smiling with an outstretched hand.

Where the girl stood there was quite a bower of greenery and flowers, and Douglas, who stood looking up from the foot of the staircase, thought he had never seen so charming a picture as she made. It is likely enough that he was right, for, as has been said already, she was unusually pretty, and he himself was far enough in love by this time to have made a goddess of her. She was a trifle too saucy for a goddess at the moment; but to the young man's mind all moods became her, and he was in a ridiculous condition of charmed surprise about her constantly. Little changes that to anybody but a lover would have passed unremarked—little alterations of mood and expression, posture and accent—were to him so many revelations. There is probably no truer indication of the beginning of love in a young man's mind than this. A careful observer of the history of the passion would probably pronounce the condition indispensable; and any young man who may doubt the quality of his own emotions is invited to apply to himself this test, with the assurance that he will find it an unfailing touchstone.

It came into Gabriel's mind that Bagleigh's choice was by no means a foolish one, and that the girl would do infinite credit to the title he offered her. He began at that moment to be distinctly ambitious of it, and, as a matter of course, countered sharply upon his own desire by declaring that it would be a terrible sacrifice to part with her. He was always sparring with his own wishes and emotions in this way; and though he was often severely mauled in the process, he contrived sometimes to win. His affection for his niece was strong enough to make the prospect of their parting a pain. His own suffering was the only salve he had learned to apply to conscience. And so, with his own trained faculty in that direction, he set to work to be deliberately tender and unhappy about the chance of losing Helen. Before dinner was over he had so far succeeded that whatever advantage lay in the proposal affected her alone, whilst her well-being was to be a sorrow to him.

The windows of the dining-room were open, and the evening sunlight flooded the lawns and gardens of the Lodge. Gabriel was silent, but the two young people held a fairly brisk conversation, talking with an appearance of ease and naturalness which to an acute observer might have worn something of an artificial air. Their intercourse, on the surface, was very frank, candid, and natural; but it was noticeable that there were no pauses in their talk. There was a desire to keep the conversational ball constantly in movement. If one allowed it to drop, the other picked it up and set it going again with a suspicious agility. This was a characteristic of any and every tête-à-tête they held. And Gabriel's silence and abstraction—which were unusually marked, even for him—seemed to leave them quite alone together this evening. They talked away busily, therefore, on all manner of topics; and Gabriel, rousing himself now and again to listen, heard nothing that might not have been cried from the house-tops without putting either of the young people to the blush. There was nothing—there never had been anything from the beginning of their acquaintance—in their talk which verged upon sentiment. They might even have been accused of flippancy. But the young man was almost always engaged in inward combat with his own sentiments; and the girl was half conscious of a fear, though less than half conscious of what the fear might mean.

When the meal was over, and Gabriel and his guest were left alone, the elder broke his silence. Except for the murmured grace with which the repast was begun and ended, he had not spoken until this.

"Will you smoke your cigar alone this evening, Douglas?" he asked. "I shall be occupied for half an hour."

He was always disposed to be ceremonious, and he bowed after this small speech with an exaggerated stiff courtesy. The young man strolled through the open windows on to the lawn, and there wandered to and fro in the mellow evening air thinking of Helen, and forgetful of the unlighted cigar between his lips.

The girl was singing, somewhere within the house, in a clear treble like a bird's, and he stood still to listen to her. She was warbling the air of some simple old ballad, without its words, and had sung it already twice or thrice, when she stopped in the middle of the tune, and Douglas was fain to finish it for himself, being one of those people to whom an unended tune is a thing unbearable. His own voice was not the most tuneful organ in the world, and he laughed at the contrast it made, and then, forgetting all things else, went on strolling up and down in the late sunlight, thinking of the girl.

Her song had been cut short by Gabriel's entry to the room.

"My dear," said Gabriel, laying a hand upon her shoulder, "I wish to speak to you." Something of an unusual gravity in his manner impressed her, and she looked at him attentively. "I wish you," he continued, "to weigh what I shall say to you before answering it. Sit down."

He placed a chair for her, and when she had seated herself he walked up and down before her, with bent head and hands clasped behind him, she resting her hands lightly folded in her lap, and following him with her eyes. His exordium, and his gravity combined with it, awoke her interest. She was even a little afraid.

"You are eighteen years of age in six or seven weeks' time, my dear," he said, pausing before her and raising his eyes to her face. "You are growing to be a woman."

Her only answer to this was given in a little half-embarrassed laugh, and he betook himself to his promenade again.

"I had a visit this morning," he went on, casting a sidelong glance upon her, "from my estimable young friend Lord Bagleigh."

She unclasped her hands with a quick, nervous movement, but immediately returned to her old attitude; and Gabriel, without in the least knowing why, felt the slight gesture to be disconcerting.

"Lord Bagleigh," he pursued, still marching up and down, "is a young man of exceptional position. He is a young man who conceals beneath an exterior of carelessness many admirable qualities and a nature of much warmth and goodness."

Outside, the light, though softened, was still clear. But in this curtained room the air was dim. Gabriel's glance at his niece's face had told him nothing; but the girl had gone suddenly quite pale, and her hands clinched each other tightly. She would have had little of that penetration which is known to characterize her sex if she had not guessed by this time what was coming. It was her first experience, and she was a good deal agitated by it.

"The object of Lord Bagleigh's visit to me this morning," Gabriel went on, "was to make a formal application for your hand in marriage."

And here he experienced a surprise. Perhaps that growth toward womanhood with which he had only that morning begun to credit his niece was further advanced than he had fancied. Perhaps circumstances, of which he had been too blind and self-observant to take cognizance, might have helped it in these later weeks to a quick development. Perhaps the mere fact of finding herself on ground which, in virtue of her sex, was native to her, gave her a strength and decision she had never felt before.

"I am very much obliged to Lord Bagleigh," she said, "but you must ask him never to say anything more of this."

"My dear," began Gabriel, drawing his hands from behind him and taking one of hers, "consider."

"There is nothing to consider," she responded; "I could never think of marrying Lord Bagleigh."

Until that moment Gabriel had never felt conscious of a will of his own in respect to his niece's conduct. She had never in anything opposed him, and he could not, all at once, realize the belief that she would actually oppose him here.

"You must not look at this matter like a child, my dear."

He spoke with that suave superiority of age which is, perhaps, in matters of this sort, one of the most troublesome things youth has to bear.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1535.

"Lord Bagleigh is a young man who does very well to laugh at," interjected Miss Helen. Gabriel regarded her angrily. "Uncle," said the girl, slipping one arm about his neck, "you do not wish me to marry Lord Bagleigh?"

Her caresses were extremely rare, and the appeal and the caress together half disarmed him.

"I want you," he answered, guarding himself against himself, and growing a little querulous in doing it—"I want you to look seriously at this proposal, and not to throw it on one side as if it were a toy, and you a wilful child."

"Very well, dear," she answered. "How long shall I take to think of it?"

"I don't like your tone, my dear," said Gabriel; "I don't like your tone at all. Young men have hearts, my dear. A proposal of this kind is a serious thing, and is to be taken seriously."

"I take it very seriously indeed," his niece answered. "If, for form's sake, you ask me to think of it, I will take as long as you please, and think of it as often as I can."

"You mean to say, then," he answered, in some heat of anger, "that, however long you may take to think of this, you will not change your mind about it?"

His tone and manner surprised her. They had never been in opposition until now, and indeed she had hardly ever found herself opposed to anybody.

"I cannot change my mind," she said.

"Take a week to think of it," Gabriel answered, fearful of pressing her too hard at once. "Give me your answer in a week—not now."

"Very well, dear," she answered, drawing herself away from him.

The interview ended there, and Helen retired to her own room—a little bower of a place which overlooked the gardens. It had been her mother's favorite retiring-room; and a good many of her girlish treasures were still to be seen there—old-fashioned little boxes decorated with seashells, daguerreotypes of school-fellows (whose features were so faded that they were only to be seen when the silver plate was held aslant), birthday books and summer annuals, with faded flowers pressed between the leaves. Standing at the open window she saw Douglas still lounging lonely to and fro upon the lawn beneath. He looked up, suddenly and brightly, as though her presence had actually touched him.

"Good-night, Mr. Douglas," she said, nodding to him through the open window.

"Good-night, Miss Kenyon," he answered, raising his hat, and looking up to her.

At this moment Gabriel reëntered the dining-room, and it was then for the first time that he actually realized that his guest was a young man, his niece a young woman, and he himself the least guarded of tacticians.

XIV.

Douglas, happily unconscious of Gabriel's discovery, stood looking up at the little figure above him until Helen, with a final nod and a smile, drew down the window and disappeared. Then, not noticing Gabriel in the dim twilight of the dining-room, Dick turned away and strolled until he reached the gravel drive, and pursuing this, came to the gates. He stood there, thinking of Helen, and nothing but Helen, until the sound of a footstep awoke him from his reverie. He turned, and saw a small boy, who wore a kind of half uniform, and carried a leather satchel.

"If you please, sir," piped the boy, "are you Mr. Douglas?"

"I am Mr. Douglas."

The boy produced a telegram addressed to "Richard Douglas, Esquire, The Lodge, Perry Haughton."

Whilst Douglas broke the envelope, the boy was making off.

"Wait a moment," said Dick. "I may have to send an answer."

A glance at the telegram showed him that it came from Major Morton, and that it invited him to meet the Major at the railway station at half past six that evening. The boy stood with so strongly marked an air of guilt upon him that the recipient of the message was at once assured that it was by his unassisted agency that the telegram had been delayed.

"Received here," said the form, "at 5.13."

"How is it," Douglas asked, severely, "that you have taken three hours to bring this telegram from the post-office?"

"There ain't no telegraph at the post-office," said the boy, defending himself obliquely, after the manner of his kind—"the telegraph's at the railway station."

"This," said Dick, with an added severity, "is an evasion—the merest of evasions. How is it that you did not bring this telegram three hours ago?" The right toe, the right knee, and the knuckles of the criminal's right hand bore the marks of a clayey soil. "You have been stopping to play at marbles, you young villain!" said the barrister. This swift detection of the particular crime of which he had been guilty was incomprehensible to the defaulter. "You will live," said Douglas, assuming a judicial air, "to be hanged. How do you know, sir, that the fate of empires may not tremble in the balance whilst you engage in frivolous pursuits, and waste the time and unprofitably absorb the revenues of the state?"

At this the small boy, whose conscience was already too heavily burdened, began to weep with so doleful a vigor that Douglas destroyed the value of the moral lesson he had striven to enforce upon him by the gift of an undeserved sixpence, and bade him go about his business.

"If you please, sir," said the small boy then, "a gent was asking for you at the railway station."

"When?" Douglas demanded.

"He came down by the six-thirty, sir," said the small boy, "from London, and he asked the station-master if he could say if Mr. Douglas was in Perry Haughton. The station-master said as he believed you was, sir; and the gent said as if you come to the railway station later on, he'd gone to the hotel, sir."

Douglas, dismissing the messenger, walked toward the hotel, wondering what might have induced the Major to visit him. Arrived there, he was in the act of inquiring at the bar, when the Major himself rose from the corner of the apartment and approached him. The two shook hands, Douglas with a pleased warmth, and the Major with an odd kind of doggedness.

"What's the matter?" Douglas asked him.

"I thought," said the Major, "that I'd run down and have a look at you. Come into the smoking-room—there's nobody there; let us have a chat."

The old campaigner's manner was curious, and his companion was impressed by it with the idea that some business of importance had led him here.

Save for themselves, the smoking-room was empty.

"What is it?" Douglas asked, when he found that they were alone.

The Major set down the glass he had carried from the bar, and dropped into a seat with an unsuccessful pretence of friendly commonplace.

"I thought," he said, "I'd just run down and have a look at you."

There was nothing in this that need have surprised Douglas, but the Major's air and manner were at variance with the purport of his words.

"Are you quite sure there is nothing wrong, old man?" Dick asked him.

"I don't know how you can expect anybody to be sure of that," replied the Major.

"Look here, Morton," said Dick, "if you have anything to say to me, don't break it. Of all the devices for doubling the forces of misfortune, that is the most successful. You look like a bearer of bad news. If you are, give it me at once, with no beating about the bush."

"My dear Dick," responded the Major, "I am the bearer of no news at all. I have absolutely nothing to tell you, except that I wanted to see you, and that I am here."

Morton had contrived, in the course of his journey, to reach the conclusion that he had been started upon a false errand, and he had resolved to say nothing at all about the original object of his journey. His protest was quite enough for Douglas, and in a minute or two they were chatting gayly about trifles.

"I am getting back," said the Major, "into a good opinion of my fellow-men. Did I ever speak to you about my grandmother's second cousin, my great-aunt Maria?"

"Never," answered Douglas.

"I call her my great-aunt Maria," said the Major, "by way of simplifying things. The relationship is distant; but I have always been a favorite of the old lady's, and she has announced her intention of leaving me a somewhat considerable sum of money. The intention has been announced for a long time, but now the poor old lady is very frail and old, and it seems likely to be fulfilled. I mention this," the Major added, "because it will explain to you how I came to be dining the other night at the same table with so respectable a personage as your host's solicitor. I mentioned your name, said I had heard of him through you, and spoke of you much more highly than you deserve. To my surprise, he also spoke much more highly of you than you deserve, and he told me that you were likely to do extremely well."

Dick laughed, and put the subject by.

"It is not in mortals to deserve success," he answered; "but we'll do what we can—Sempronius. It is pleasanter out-of-doors than here," he added; "let us have a stroll together."

They went out into the quiet of the village street arm in arm. The latest lingering glow of twilight still hung in the higher skies, and all the sounds of village life that reached their ears had a tranquil clearness in their tone. They chatted in subdued voices, as if there were a something sacred in the quiet of the time, and they feared to break upon it.

Between the narrow ribbon of a foot-path and the broader strip of horse road, when they were once outside the straggling double line of houses, there lay a broad band of turf; and walking noiselessly along this they were both suddenly startled by a loud ejaculation.

"Sacré nom du diable!"

Twenty yards in front a little lonely man had pursued the same road with them since they had left the hotel. He was half hidden in the obscurity of the evening, and with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, and bent head, had lounged on altogether unregarded. He was met at the bend of the lane by another shadowy figure; and this new-comer was the author of the exclamation.

"What!" said the little man, looking up, and speaking in English-sounding French, "you here!"

"Behold me!" said the other, in a croaking triumph.

The Major drew his companion from the strip of turf into the horse road; and when their steps became audible, the two who had just encountered each other turned swiftly, looked toward them, and, as if by one impulse, moved away.

"Major," said Douglas, "that was little Sullivan."

"I thought so," said the Major.

"I am sure of it," said Dick. "I knew his voice at once. What is he doing here, I wonder?"

"What a tiny bit of a world it is!" said the Major. "One is always running unexpectedly against people one knows."

It was noticeable that from this point the Major's flow of spirits became fitful. Sometimes he talked with a hectic gayety for a minute or two, and then would sink into silence, leaving a sentence incomplete.

"Major," said Dick, coupling this with his friend's odd demeanor at their meeting, "what's the matter with you? Tell me. There is something on your mind."

"There are many things upon my mind," replied the Major; "but, upon my word of honor, I have nothing to tell you that it at all concerns me in the slightest degree to tell."

With this assurance Dick was fain to be contented; and they had fallen to talk once more upon indifferent topics, when Mr. Kenyon, with his habitual stoop and his hands twined behind him, appeared in the roadway, and threw a friendly greeting to his guest.

"My friend Major Morton, Mr. Kenyon," said Douglas.

Gabriel shook hands with Major Morton, and was a little effusive in his pleasure at meeting any friend of his dear and valued young friend.

The Major, with the memory of Sullivan's story of that afternoon still heavy on him, was not effusive.

"Is Major Morton visiting in the neighborhood?" Gabriel asked.

"We are old friends," said Dick, "and he ran down to see me."

"Pray, sir," cried Gabriel, "whilst you stay here, stay with me."

"Thank you," said the Major, rather coolly, "but I go back to town to-morrow."

Gabriel was pressing. A friend of Mr. Douglas's, staying at Perry Haughton, must not rest outside his walls. He was so very warm and genial about it that, without giving some actual reason for refusal, Morton felt that refusal was scarcely possible.

Mr. Kenyon despatched a man to the hotel for the Major's belongings, and the three walked to the Lodge together.

It is probable that Mr. Kenyon imagined himself to have secured a curious guest in the person of Major Morton. That gentleman had next to nothing to say for himself, but sat for the most part in absolute silence, watching his host. Gabriel became aware that he was the object of the new-comer's constant and careful scrutiny, and in his own keen and furtive way he returned it. The battle (for in a little while it resolved itself to that) was unequal. The Major, being caught in the act of watching Gabriel, continued to watch him as though he had not been detected. Gabriel's glance, being met by the Major, slid away instantly, and made many furtive approaches toward him before it dared again to dwell upon his face.

When a man keeps a skeleton of Gabriel's sort in the cupboard, he is likely to be suspicious of other men's knowledge of it, or their suspicion of its existence. There was no reason to suspect the new-comer of anything, no reason in the world to suppose that he knew anything to Gabriel's disadvantage. But the discovered criminal is happy compared with the criminal undiscovered; and the guest's cold glance and brief replies played havoc with the host's nerves.

Douglas, who had never seen his old companion in the society of his social equals, set his curious bearing down to shyness, though he could hardly reconcile this theory with what he knew of Morton's character and career.

Up to now the Major had only heard of Mr. Kenyon. Dick had been enthusiastic about his goodness—had chronicled his benefactions to the village, his leniency as a magistrate, his long-suffering and generosity as a landlord. The Major, who was by nature, belief, and practice a physiognomist, looked in Kenyon's countenance for a sign of the qualties he had heard attributed to him, and looked in vain. The man had suffered, and had suffered profoundly. That was evident. But, to the observer's mind, he had suffered selfishly, and his face confessed him capable of an egotism which might be more than ordinarily cruel.

Partly in pursuance of the resolve he had arrived at an hour or two before, and partly to conciliate this cold and watchful guest's opinion, Gabriel laid himself out to play the part of the cordial and amiable host. He took observant notice of the tint of his visitor's nose; and though he had a constitutional dislike to a toper, he was willing to play upon what he supposed to be a foible. He produced a bottle of a certain wonderful old claret; but the Major only sipped at his glass, and was politely but stonily unsusceptible of pressure.

How far his opinions were influenced by the story he had heard, it might be difficult to say, but it is pretty certain that he would have met Kenyon with a frank dislike on whatever ground and under what circumstances soever they had encountered each other. As it was, the story, to the Major's mind, looked as though it might be true. Sullivan was here, and being here, had a purpose. The man he had met in the lane was Peltzer, for a thousand pounds! It was hard to accept the hospitality held out to him under such conditions. The best he could do was to hold himself in a frozen state of non-committal, and to get away as soon as might be. He had resolved quite a long time ago—it seemed almost from the beginning of his journey—that he had no right to burden Douglas with a knowledge of Sullivan's tale. But if the tale were true, and Peltzer were actually here, the blow must fall soon, and in the contemplation of that possibility the Major was at once curious and disturbed.

"If I may be excused, I will leave you and your friend to your devices," said Kenyon, when he had spent an uncomfortable half-hour with his guests. "You know my ways. I am an early riser, Major Morton; and to be an early riser, one must retire early."

He shook hands with a rather overdone affectation of geniality, and went away to his own room.

Dick and the Major sat and chatted until near midnight, when they also retired. Morton had contrived, after Gabriel's disappearance, to regain his customary manner, and so well succeeded in disguising his discomforts that his companion had no suspicion of them. But when he reached the bedroom which had been assigned to him for the night he threw open the window, and leaning out with his arms upon the sill, he surrendered himself to thoughts and fancies which were by no means agreeable. The night, though dark (for the moon had not yet risen), was warm and richly perfumed; and the Major, kneeling upon a chair before the window, and leaning with head and shoulders in the open air, fell, in the midst of his perplexities, into a doze. His perplexities accompanied him, and under the impression that he was thinking them out with exceeding perspicacity, he dropped into a profound slumber, which he endured for an hour or so.

He awoke suddenly at a rustling sound, and being one of those who pass from sleeping to waking at a bound (as most men do who have been accustomed to dangerous and adventurous lives), he was in full possession of all his faculties in an instant. The moon by this time had risen. For half a score of yards, or thereabouts, the shadow of the house lay dark before him; but beyond that space everything was illumined. He saw but dimly at first, but when he had searched for and had found his eye-glass, he discovered not far beyond the broad line of shadow cast by the building the figure of a man who stood half hidden behind a laurel bush.

This figure, without actually crouching, stooped a little, as though the man had an instinct to make himself small, to escape the chance of observation. Just as Morton sighted the man, he moved, and the rustling sound which had awakened the sleeper was repeated. The laurel now obscured him altogether, and the Major waited for a full half-minute before he again caught sight of him. He felt that he had no need to be profoundly suspicious by nature to attribute to this person some intent not altogether honest. If he had been familiar with the house he would probably have descended, and have at least attempted a capture. But, as it was, he could think of nothing better than to address the suspicious stranger. He did this in a mildly conversational tone, which was almost conciliatory in its blandness.

"Hullo! You there!" said the Major. "What is your little game, sir?"

The man cast a startled glance in his direction, and turning, ran like the wind. He sped so wildly that his haste betrayed him; and in crashing through a line of rhododendrons he tangled his feet, and fell heavily; but recovering himself, he raced on again until he reached the wall, which he mounted with great agility, and dropping on the other side, disappeared from view. The Major heard his racing footsteps in the lane, and listened until they died away in the distance.

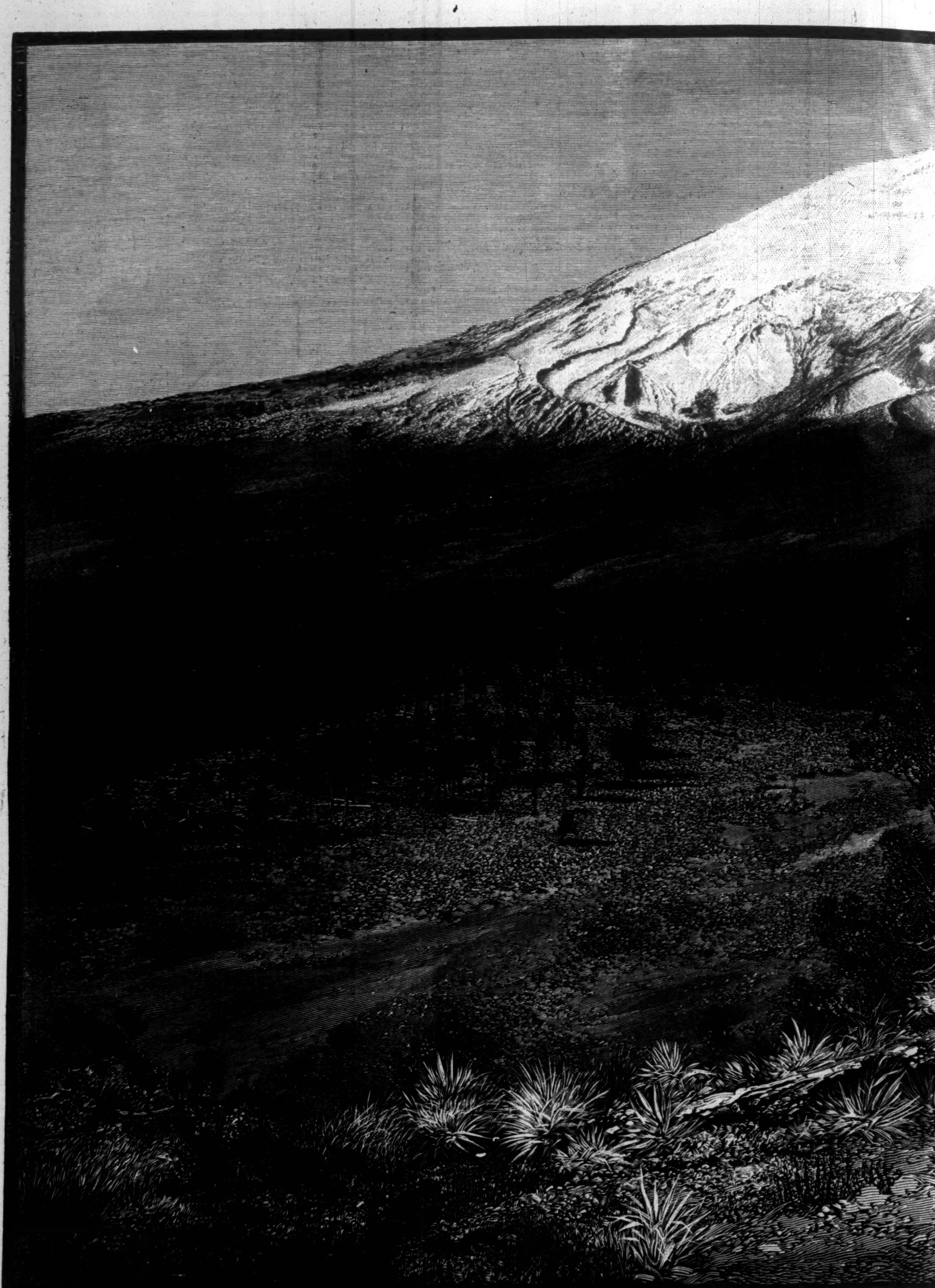
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.

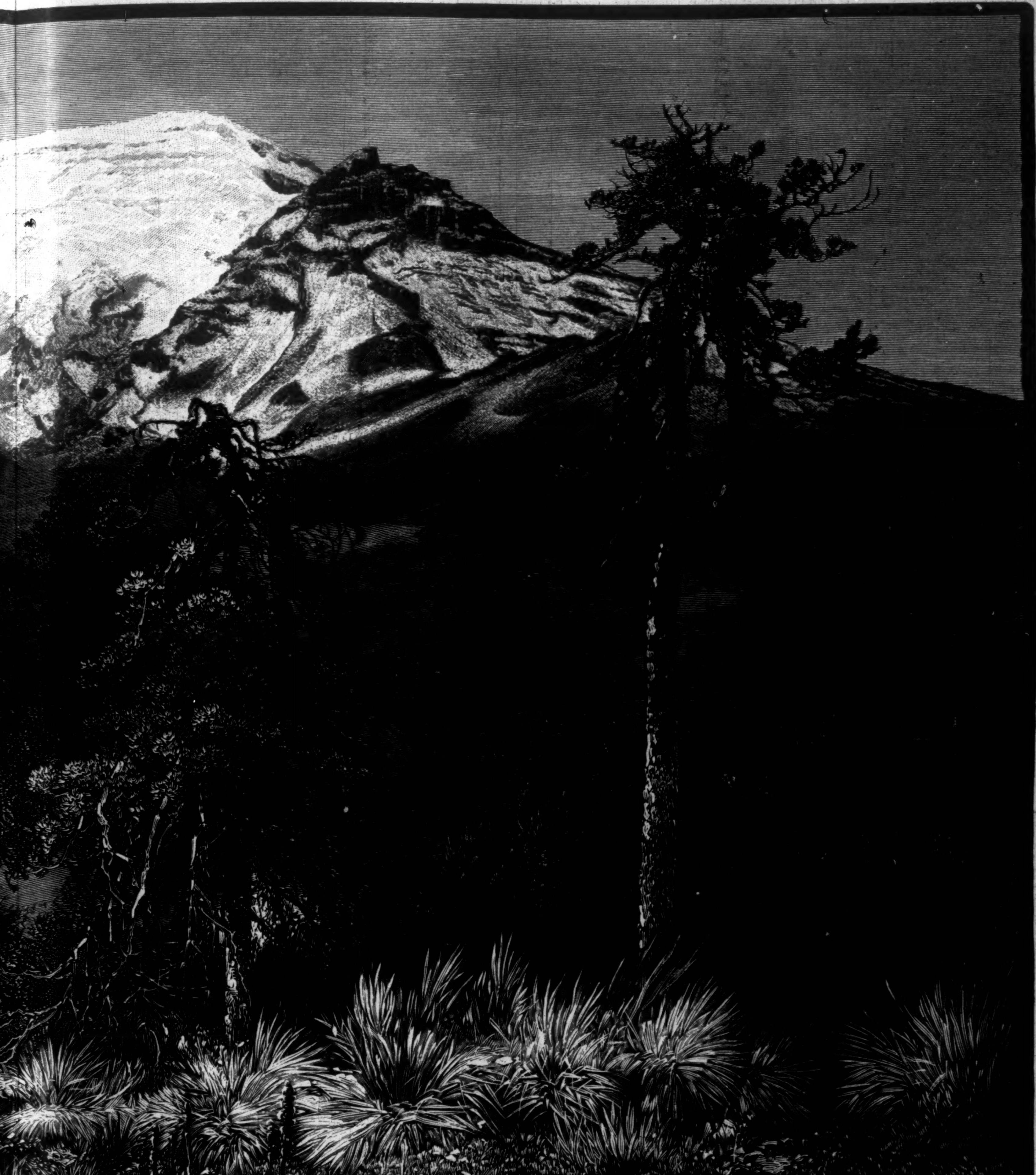
The chief interest that attaches to "the smoking mountain" Popocatepetl is not simply that it is the largest of the six great Mexican craters, nor that it is 17,540 feet high—1800 feet higher than Mont Blanc—but because it is, as high mountains go, reasonably easy of ascent, and will repay ascending with an exceedingly interesting experience. To the height of about 13,000 feet it is covered with a dense forest, and about a hundred feet further is the mean lower limit of perpetual snow. High up toward the snow-line is a settlement of Indian guides and purifiers of sulphur that is brought down from the crater. The journey through the snow is made without danger by the help of these guides. With eyes protected against snow-blindness, almost certainly through a storm, with the odor of sulphur becoming stronger as the edge of the crater is approached, the traveller makes the beginning of his interesting experience. When the abrupt edge of the snow mantle is reached at the volcano's mouth, he discovers that the snow he has waded through is from three to five feet deep.

The descent into the crater can be begun on foot, for its sides do not become perpendicular until a long succession of vertical layers of lava have been crossed, each one lower than the last. These passed, the descent must be continued by a capstan. The distance to the bottom on the side of the least depth is yet 250 feet. There is a place where its depth is not less than 1000 feet; and at its mouth it is three miles in circumference. The chief danger to which one is exposed is of being struck by falling stones, which are released at the mouth of the crater by the action of the frost. Not less than ten stones an hour fall. The filling up of the crater by all sorts of falling matter is estimated to continue at the rate of three-quarters of a foot a year. The bottom is covered with snow, except in the vicinity of the "chimneys," from which continually issue volumes of sulphurous vapor. In escaping it makes a noise like the roar of the wind. The largest of these chimneys is thirty feet in diameter, though it is nearly filled with stones, between which the vapor now has to effect its escape. These stones are encrusted with sulphur, by which many of them have been so decomposed that parts of them may be crushed between the fingers.

When a cloud rests over the mouth of the crater the optical effect produced by the cloud and the vapor is worth making the ascent of the mountain and the descent of the crater to see. Every light object is tinged with red; snow seems pink, linen becomes rose-colored, and gold takes the color of copper. The gathering of sulphur from the sand and stones near the chimneys of the crater is employment for a number of Indians, who often remain in this sulphurous depth weeks and months at a time, and may almost be said to make their homes there. The sulphuric acid does not make living pleasant, for even the icicles have a sour taste.



MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.—Photographed by W. H



H. Jackson & Co., Denver, Colorado.—[See Page 391.]

THAT DAY WE GRADUATED.

By WILL CARLETON.

We've had *some* first-class fruitage, boys,
'Mid all the bad pears in our baskets,
And there are several jewelled toys
In Memory's queer, old-fashioned caskets;
While silver morning bells will chime
Some certain tones that ne'er were mated,
From that unprecedented time—
That grand old day we graduated!

It was a sheaf of hopes and fears;
A fate that came, close covered, to us;
It was the last day of four years
That were to build up or undo us;
The hour we wished and dreaded most,
From which we shrunk, for which we waited;
That inward fear and outward boast—
That fine old day we graduated!

A thousand heads and hearts were there,
With more or less discernment gifted;
Our enemies with hopeful stare,
Our friends with look of kindness lifted.
We saw gay chaplets, wondering whom
To crown their brilliant lives were fated;
Bouquets looked puzzled 'mid their bloom
That fragrant day we graduated!

And Beauty held a precious prize
Of smiles for our intense oblations,
And looked from many-colored eyes
Made quizzical by old flirtations;
And Learning glanced us through and through,
With cold astuteness that we hated;
We knew how much we never knew
That trying day we graduated!

We rose with super-student care,
Brimful of fears and information;
We had about ten minutes there
To put four years in one oration.
A thousand judgments on our lives
From that important hour were dated:
How queer that one of us survives
That fateful day we graduated!

How all the sad, uneasy past
Was wrenched from History's possession,
In cartridges of periods cast,
And fired in rounds of quick succession!
Right's winsome look, Wrong's loathsome shape,
Were unequivocally stated;
And lucky that which could escape
Us all—that day we graduated!

And when our guns were at full play,
As o'er the creaking stage we hauled them,
Some first-class words got strayed away,
And would not come back when we called them;
We had to grope and stumble round,
Just where our style was most inflated:
Humility and nerve, we found,
Were trumps that day we graduated!

Ah me! it all was bitter-sweet—
That time of music, flowers, and splendor;
The future life we marched to meet,
The past, with memories rich and tender.
A sombre fragrance filled the air—
A mournful joy, ne'er duplicated;
Both night and morning lingered there,
That changeful day we graduated!

And when "Good-by" came, grimly sure,
And handed us our hands at parting,
We saw on what a lonely tour
Of out-door effort we were starting;
We who had wrangled, schemed, and fought,
As dear old friends each other rated;
Love twined about us, as it ought,
That solemn day we graduated!

JOHN W. NEVIN, D.D.

After an illness of less than two weeks the Rev. John Williamson Nevin, D.D., LL.D., died at his home in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on the 6th inst. Born at the beginning of the present century, on February 20, 1803, of a Scotch-Irish family which had long been prominent in his native State of Pennsylvania, and which was thoroughly Presbyterian in its faith and affiliations, he developed a strong theological turn of mind at an early age, and entered naturally upon the profession which his name and large talents were destined to adorn. He was graduated from Union College at Schenectady at the early age of eighteen, and after two years of rest from study (an interval which was necessitated by ill health, and which he spent in the fields and woods, thereby acquiring a taste for botany which lasted throughout his life), he entered the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1823, and soon became distinguished as the most able Hebrew scholar in the school, developing an unusual interest, for one so young, in Oriental and Biblical Literature.

His special study in this direction secured for him in 1826 an invitation to supply temporarily the chair of Oriental and Biblical Literature at Princeton, made vacant by the visit of Dr. Hodge to Europe. While filling this post the young student published a hand-book entitled *Biblical Antiquities*, which met with a large sale both in this country and in Europe. In October, 1828, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Carlisle, but very soon afterward was invited to the chair of Biblical Literature in the new theological seminary then being established by the General Assembly at Allegheny, Pennsylvania. He accepted this offer, and in December, 1829, being then only in his twenty-seventh year, began his duties in this institution (which at that time had neither buildings, library, nor endowment), and continued to labor there for ten years. It may be truthfully said that the Western Theological Seminary, now a power in the Presbyterian Church, owes much of its prosperity to the early labors of Dr. Nevin. In 1840 he took a professorship in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and was afterward made President of Marshall College at that place. Through the publication of a tract called *The Anxious Bench*, Dr. Nevin became in 1843 involved in a controversy which nearly created a schism in the Reformed Church, and was the beginning of the movement known as the "Mercersburg Theology." From 1849 to 1853 he edited *The Mercersburg Review*, and during this time got into a theological controversy with Rev. Orestes R. Bronson, D.D., of Boston, which attracted wide attention at the time. From 1866 to 1876 he was the President of Franklin and Marshall College, after which he retired from public life. Among the important publications of Dr. Nevin may be mentioned: *The Doctrine of the Reformed Church on the Presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper*, in 1848; *The Dutch Crusade*, 1854; *Review of Dr. Hodge's Commentary on the Ephesians*, 1857; *Vindication of the Revised Liturgy*, 1867; *Answer to Professor Dorner, of Berlin, Germany*, 1868; *Revelation and Redemption*, 1870; *The Revelation of God in Christ*, 1871.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

As the existence of a man of letters (so far as the public is concerned with it) may be said to begin with his first appearance in literature, that of Mr. Howells, who was born at Martinsville, Ohio, in 1837, and spent his entire youth in his native State, dates properly from the publication of his delightful volume on *Venetian Life*—than which he has produced nothing since of a literary quality more pure—which he put forth in 1865, after his return from the consular post in the city of St. Mark which he had filled for four years. He had, indeed, before going to live in Venice, and during the autumn of 1860, published, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Piatt, a so-called "campaign" biography of Abraham Lincoln; but as this composition, which I have never seen, emanated probably more from a good Republican than from a suitor of the Muse, I mention it simply for the sake of exactitude, adding, however, that I have never heard of the Muse having taken it ill. When a man is a born artist, everything that happens to him confirms his perverse tendency; and it may be considered that the happiest thing that could have been invented on Mr. Howells's behalf was his residence in Venice at the most sensitive and responsive period of life; for Venice, bewritten and bepainted as she has ever been, does nothing to you unless to persuade you that you also can paint, that you also can write. Her only fault is that she sometimes too flatteringly—for she is shameless in the exercise of such arts—addresses the remark to those who cannot. Mr. Howells could, fortunately, for his writing was painting as well in those days. The papers on Venice prove it, equally with the artistic whimsical chapters of the *Italian Journeys*, made up in 1867 from his notes and memories (the latter as tender as most glances shot eastward in working hours across the Atlantic) of the holidays and excursions which carried him occasionally away from his consulate.

The mingled freshness and irony of these things gave them an originality which has not been superseded, to my knowledge, by any impressions of European life from an American stand-point. At Venice Mr. Howells married a lady of artistic accomplishment and association, passed through the sharp alternations of anxiety and hope to which those who spent the long years of the civil war in foreign lands were inevitably condemned, and of which the effect was not rendered less wearing by the perusal of the London *Times* and the conversation of the British tourist. The irritation, so far as it proceeded from the latter source, may even yet be perceived in Mr. Howells's pages. He wrote poetry at Venice, as he had done of old in Ohio, and his poems were subsequently collected into two thin volumes, the fruit, evidently, of a rigorous selection. They have left more traces in the mind of many persons who read and enjoyed them than they appear to have done in the author's own. It is not nowadays as a cultivator of rhythmic periods that Mr. Howells most willingly presents himself. Everything in the evolution, as we must all learn to call it to-day, of a talent of this order is interesting, but one of the things that are most so is the separation that has taken place, in Mr. Howells's case, between its early and its later manner. There is nothing in *Silas Lapham*, or in *Doctor Breen's Practice*, or in *A Modern Instance*, or in *The Undiscovered Country*, to suggest that its author had at one time either wooed the lyric Muse or surrendered himself to those Italian initiations without which we of other countries remain always, after all, more or less barbarians. It is often a good, as it is sometimes an evil, that one cannot disestablish one's past, and Mr. Howells cannot help having rhymed and romanced in deluded hours, nor would he, no doubt, if he could. The repudiation of the weakness which leads to such aberrations is more apparent than real, and the spirit which made him care a little for the poor factitious Old World and the superstition of "form" is only latent in pages which express a marked preference for the novelties of civilization and a perceptible mistrust of the purist. I hasten to add that Mr. Howells has had moments of reappreciation of Italy in later years, and has even taken the trouble to write a book (the magnificent volume on *Tuscan Cities*) to show it. Moreover, the exquisite tale *A Foregone Conclusion*, and many touches in the recent novel of *Indian Summer* (both this and the *Cities* the fruit of a second visit to Italy), sound the note of a charming inconsistency.

On his return from Venice he settled in the vicinity of Boston, and began to edit the *Atlantic Monthly*, accommodating himself to this grave complication with infinite tact and industry. He conferred further distinction upon the magazine; he wrote the fine series of "Suburban Sketches," one of the least known of his productions, but one of the most perfect, and on Sunday afternoons he took a suburban walk—perfect also, no doubt, in its way. I know not exactly how long this phase of his career lasted, but I imagine that if he were asked, he would reply, "Oh, a hundred years." He was meant for better things than this—things better, I mean, than superintending the private life of even the most eminent periodical—but I am not sure that I would speak of this experience as a series of wasted years. They were years rather of economized talent, of observation and accumulation. They laid the foundation of what is most remarkable, or most, at least, the peculiar sign, in his effort as a novelist—his unerring sentiment of the American character. Mr. Howells knows more about it than any one, and it was during this period of what we may suppose to have been rather perfunctory administration that he must have gathered many of his impressions of it. An editor is in the nature of the case much exposed, so exposed as not to be protected even by the seclusion (the security to a superficial eye so complete) of a Boston suburb. His manner of contact with the world is almost violent, and whatever bruises he may confer, those he receives are the most telling, inasmuch as the former are distributed among many, and the latter all to be endured by one. Mr. Howells's accessibilities and sufferings were destined to fructify. Other persons have considered and discoursed upon American life, but no one, surely, has *felt* it so completely as he. I will not say that Mr. Howells feels it all equally, for are we not perpetually conscious how vast and deep it is?—but he is an authority upon many of those parts of it which are most representative.

He was still under the shadow of his editorship when, in the intervals of his letter-writing and reviewing, he made his first cautious attempts in the walk of fiction. I say cautious, for in looking back nothing is more clear than that he had determined to advance only step by step. In his first story, *Their Wedding Journey*, there are only two persons, and in his next, *A Chance Acquaintance*, which contains one of his very happiest studies of a girl's character, the number is not lavishly increased.

In *A Foregone Conclusion*, where the girl again is admirable, as well as the young Italian priest, also a kind of maidenly figure, the actors are but four. To-day Mr. Howells doesn't count, and confers life with a generous and unerring hand. If the profusion of forms in which it presents itself to him is remarkable, this is perhaps partly because he had the good fortune of not approaching the novel until he had lived considerably, until his inclination for it had ripened. His attitude was as little as possible that of the gifted young person who, at twenty, puts forth a work of imagination of which the merit is mainly in its establishing the presumption that the next one will be better. It is my impression that long after he was twenty he still cultivated the belief that the faculty of the novelist was not in him, and was even capable of producing certain unfinished chapters (in the candor of his good faith he would sometimes communicate them to a listener) in triumphant support of this contention. He believed, in particular, that he could not make people talk, and such have been the revenges of time that a cynical critic might almost say of him to-day that he cannot make them keep silent. It was life itself that finally dissipated his doubts, life that reasoned with him and persuaded him. The feeling of life is strong in all his tales, and any one of them has this rare (always rarer) and indispensable sign of a happy origin, that it is an impression at first hand. Mr. Howells is literary, on certain sides exquisitely so, though with a singular and not unamiable perversity he sometimes endeavors not to be; but his vision of the human scene is never a literary reminiscence, a reflection of books and pictures, of tradition and fashion and hearsay. I know of no English novelist of our hour whose work is so exclusively a matter of painting what he sees, and who is so sure of what he sees. People are always wanting a writer of Mr. Howells's temperament to see certain things that he doesn't (that he doesn't sometimes even want to), but I must content myself with congratulating the author of *A Modern Instance* and *Silas Lapham* on the admirable quality of his vision. The American life which he for the most part depicts is certainly neither very rich nor very fair, but it is tremendously positive, and as his manner of presenting it is as little as possible conventional, the reader can have no doubt about it. This is an immense luxury; the ingenuous character of the witness (I can give it no higher praise) deepens the value of the report.

Mr. Howells has gone from one success to another, has taken possession of the field, and has become copious without detriment to his freshness. I need not enumerate his works in their order, for, both in America and in England (where it is a marked feature of the growing curiosity felt about American life that they are constantly referred to for information and verification), they have long been in everybody's hands. Quietly and steadily they have become better and better; one may like some of them more than others, but it is noticeable that from effort to effort the author has constantly enlarged his scope. His work is of a kind of which it is good that there should be much to-day—work of observation, of patient and definite notation. Neither in theory nor in practice is Mr. Howells a romancer; but the romancers can spare him; there will always be plenty of people to do their work. He has definite and downright convictions on the subject of the work that calls out to be done in opposition to theirs, and this fact is a source of much of the interest that he excites.

It is a singular circumstance that to know what one wishes to do should be, in the field of art, a rare distinction; but it is incontestable that, as one looks about in our English and American fiction, one does not perceive any very striking examples of a vivifying faith. There is no discussion of the great question of how best to write, no exchange of ideas, no vivacity nor variety of experiment. A vivifying faith Mr. Howells may distinctly be said to possess, and he conceals it so little as to afford every facility to those people who are anxious to prove that it is the wrong one. He is animated by a love of the common, the immediate, the familiar and vulgar elements of life, and holds that in proportion as we move into the rare and strange we become vague and arbitrary; that truth of representation, in a word, can be achieved only so long as it is in our power to test and measure it. He thinks scarcely anything too paltry to be interesting, that the small and the vulgar have been terribly neglected, and would rather see an exact account of a sentiment or a character he stumbles against every day than a brilliant evocation of a passion or a type he has never seen and does not even particularly believe in. He adores the real, the natural, the colloquial, the moderate, the optimistic, the domestic, and the democratic; looking askance at exceptions and perversities and superiorities, at surprising and incongruous phenomena in general. One must have seen a great deal before one concludes; the world is very large, and life is a mixture of many things; she by no means eschews the strange, and often risks combinations and effects that make one rub one's eyes. Nevertheless, Mr. Howells's stand-point is an excellent one for seeing a large part of the truth, and even if it were less advantageous, there would be a great deal to admire in the firmness with which he has planted himself. He hates a "story," and (this private feat is not impossible) has probably made up his mind very definitely as to what the pestilent thing consists of. In this respect he is more logical than M. Émile Zola, who partakes of the same aversion, but has greater lapses as well as greater audacities. Mr. Howells hates an artificial fable and a *dénouement* that is pressed into the service; he likes things to occur as they occur in life, where the manner of a great many of them is not to occur at all. He has observed that heroic emotion and brilliant opportunity are not particularly interwoven with our days, and indeed, in the way of omission, he *has* often practised in his pages a very considerable boldness. It has not, however, made what we find there any less interesting and less human.

The picture of American life on Mr. Howells's canvas is not of a dazzling brightness, and many readers have probably wondered why it is that (among a sensitive people) he has so successfully escaped the imputation of a want of patriotism. The manners he describes—the desolation of the whole social prospect in *A Modern Instance* is perhaps the strongest expression of those influences—are eminently of a nature to discourage the intending visitor, and yet the westward pilgrim continues to arrive, in spite of the Bartley Hubbards and the Laphams, and the terrible practices at the country hotel in *Doctor Breen*, and at the Boston boarding-house in *A Woman's Reason*. This tolerance of depressing revelations is explained partly, no doubt, by the fact that Mr. Howells's truthfulness imposes itself—the representation is so vivid that the reader accepts it as he accepts, in his own affairs, the mystery of fate—and partly by a very different consideration, which is simply that if many of his characters are disagreeable, almost all of them are extraordinarily good, and with a goodness which is a ground for national complacency. If American life is on the whole, as I make no doubt whatever, more innocent than that of any other country, nowhere is the fact more patent than in Mr. Howells's novels, which exhibit so constant a study of the actual and so small a perception of evil. His women, in particular, are of the best—except, indeed, in the sense of being the best to live with. Purity of life, fineness of conscience, benevolence of motive, decency of speech, good-nature, kindness, charity, tolerance (though, indeed, there is little but each other's manners for the people to tolerate), govern all the scene; the only immoralities are aberrations of thought, like that of Silas Lapham, or excesses of beer, like that of Bartley Hubbard. In the gallery of Mr. Howells's portraits there are none more living than the admirable, humorous images of those two ineffectual sinners. Lapham, in particular, is magnificent, understood down to the ground, inside and out—a creation which does Mr. Howells the highest honor. I do not say that the figure of his wife is as good as his own, only because I wish to say that it is as good as that of the minister's wife in the history of *Lemuel Barker*, which is unfolding itself from month to month at the moment I write. These two ladies are exhaustive renderings of the type of virtue that worries. But everything in *Silas Lapham* is superior—nothing more so than the whole picture of casual female youth and contemporaneous "engaging" one's self, in the daughters of the proprietor of the mineral paint.

This production had struck me as the author's high-water mark, until I opened the monthly sheets of *Lemuel Barker*, in which the art of imparting a palpitating interest to common things and unheroic lives is pursued (or is destined, apparently, to be pursued) to an even higher point. The four (or is it eight?) repeated "good-mornings" between the liberated Lemuel and the shop-girl who has crudely been the cause of his being locked up by the police all night are a poem, an idyl, a trait of genius, and a compendium of American good-nature. The whole episode is inimitable, and I know fellow-novelists of Mr. Howells's who would have given their eyes to produce that interchange of salutations, which only an American reader, I think, can understand. Indeed, the only limitation, in general, to his extreme truthfulness is, I will not say his constant sense of the comedy of life, for that is irresistible, but the verbal drollery of many of his people. It is extreme and perpetual, but I fear the reader will find it a venial sin. Theodore Colville, in *Indian Summer*, is so irrepressibly and happily facetious as to make one wonder whether the author is not prompting him a little, and whether he could be quite so amusing without help from outside. This criticism, however, is the only one I find it urgent to make, and Mr. Howells doubtless will not suffer from my saying that, being a humorist himself, he is strong in the representation of humorists. There are other reflections that I might indulge in if I had more space. I should like, for instance, to allude in passing, for purposes of respectful remonstrance, to a phrase that he suffered the other day to fall from his pen (in a periodical, but not in a novel), to the effect that the style of a work of fiction is a thing that matters less and less all the while. Why less and less? It seems to me as great a mistake to say so as it would be to say that it matters more and more. It is difficult to see how it can matter either less or more. The style of a novel is a part of the execution of a work of art; the execution of a work of art is a part of its very essence, and that, it seems to me, must have mattered in all ages in exactly the same degree, and be destined always to do so. I can conceive of no state of civilization in which it shall not be deemed important, though of course there are states in which executants are clumsy. I should also venture to express a certain regret that Mr. Howells (whose style, in practice, after all, as I have intimated, treats itself to felicities which his theory perhaps would condemn) should appear increasingly to hold composition too cheap—by which I mean, should neglect the effect that comes from alternation, distribution, relief. He has an increasing tendency to tell his story altogether in conversations, so that a critical reader sometimes wishes, not that the dialogue might be suppressed (it is too good for that), but that it might be distributed, interspaced with narrative and pictorial matter. The author forgets sometimes to paint, to evoke the conditions and appearances, to build in the subject. He is doubtless afraid of doing these things in excess, having seen in other hands what disastrous effects that error may have; but all the same I cannot help thinking that the divinest thing in a valid novel is the compendious, descriptive, pictorial touch, *à la Daudet*.

It would be absurd to speak of Mr. Howells to-day in the encouraging tone that one would apply to a young writer who had given fine pledges, and one feels half guilty of that mistake if one makes a cheerful remark about his future. And yet we cannot pretend not to take a still more lively interest in his future than we have done in his past. It is hard to see how it can help being more and more fruitful, for his face is turned in the right direction, and his work is fed from sources which play us no tricks.

Henry James.

RICHARD MARCH HOE.

The sudden death by heart-disease of Colonel Richard March Hoe at Florence, Italy, last week, has robbed the world of one of the foremost inventors of the age, and this city of one of its leading and most highly respected citizens. Mr. Hoe was the head of the great firm of R. Hoe & Co., manufacturers of printing-presses. The history of this house, originally established by his father, and carried on from one success to another by his father's sons, is the history of the evolution of the art of printing, not only in America, but throughout the civilized world. Prior to the invention of the presses which bear the name of Hoe, the machinery by which the uses of "the types" are made manifest on paper was indeed slow-running and, in the light of the development of to-day, very crude. It was the Hoes who gave to the world in 1847 the first rotary press ever known, and later the wonderful Web Perfecting Printing-machines with which the press-rooms of the leading newspapers of the United States and Europe are now provided, and which, from an endless roll or web of paper, print, cut, and fold twenty-four thousand eight-page papers in an hour. The honor of having devised and invented this almost human machine, which has made the cheap newspaper a possibility, and completely revolutionized the world of printing, belongs jointly to Colonel Richard M. Hoe and Mr. S. D. Tucker, one of his partners. Although many years ago the mammoth business which he had inherited from his father had made him a wealthy man, abundantly able, had he seen fit, to retire from its active management, Colonel Hoe to the day of his death was the actual head and manager of the great manufacturing house, giving his time and inventive brain abundantly to the development of the business.

Robert Hoe, the founder of the house, came to this country from England when a young man. He was born at Hose, Leicestershire, England, in 1784, and it was early in the present century that, with Matthew and Peter Smith, he began the making of printing-presses in this city, their shop being in the middle of the block bounded by Maiden Lane, Pine, William, and Pearl streets. At the age of twenty, Robert Hoe married a daughter of Matthew Smith, by whom he had three sons and six daughters. The eldest son was Richard March Hoe, who was born in this city September 12, 1812. In 1823 the death of both Matthew and Peter Smith left Mr. Hoe senior in control of the growing business, which was shortly afterward removed to the site now occupied by a branch of the Hoes' business on Gold Street. As the sons grew toward manhood they were taken into the works of their father, and when in 1832 failing health compelled the retirement of the founder of the house, the business passed into the hands of Richard M. Hoe and Matthew Smith, the latter being a son of the first partner of the senior Mr. Hoe.

Mr. Richard M. Hoe, the subject of this obituary notice, had inherited his father's inventive skill, and he also developed rare executive ability. The business under his management prospered apace. Invention after invention followed rapidly from his fertile mind, and building after building was taken possession of by his growing works, until to-day the Hoe printing-press manufactory covers more than an entire block fronting on Grand Street on the east side of town, and employs upward of a thousand workmen. The attitude of Colonel Hoe toward those in his employ may properly be held up as a model. Nearly thirty years ago he established an evening school for the apprentices in the manufactory, where free instruction was given in those branches of study likely to be of the most practical service in properly developing their minds. For years he gave this school his personal attention, and up to the day of his death was deeply interested in its conduct, firmly believing, as has been well said, that "the diffusion of knowledge among the working classes makes the man a better mechanic and the mechanic a better man."

Of the three sons of the original founder of the house, but one, the youngest, remains living to-day. This is Mr. Peter Smith Hoe, who is now in his sixty-fourth year. The next older son, Robert Hoe, died just two years ago. Personally Mr. Richard M. Hoe is described by those who knew him intimately as having been a man of exceptionally cheerful temperament and gentle ways. He was devoted to his life-work, but at the same time was essentially domestic. His residence for the last thirty years had been in Westchester County, not far from Harlem, and he was a prominent member of St. Anne's Episcopal Church, situated near by. His name as an inventor, and the fame of the wonderful presses that he called into being, are known the world over. He leaves a wife and four daughters.

COACHES AT JEROME PARK.

The annual spring meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park this year has afforded those who love sport rather than gambling the usual pleasure to be had at the most famous of American race tracks. But this year's meeting has been distinguished from many preceding meetings by the forbidding of public betting. The interest of that portion of the frequenters of the Park who measure their sport only by financial returns was less than usual, and a dull meeting was predicted. But no prettier sight has ever been seen there than has been presented on all the fair racing days, and notably on Memorial Day. The elegant club-house and the bluff presented a gay appearance. The coaches and drags that make their fashionable way to this most fashionable of race-courses carried crowds of race-loving people in gay attire. The track has been in admirable order, and the celebrated mare Miss Woodford made her début for this season at Jerome Park.

This race-course, which is leased by the most prominent racing association in the land, the American Jockey Club, which numbers among its members the most fashionable sport-loving people of New York, is the resort of the members of the Coaching Club in the racing season. The attraction of the sport itself is supplemented, like the attraction of the opera, by the attractiveness of those who go there. Indeed, ladies and gentlemen go to Jerome Park to see and to be seen, and to observe how the fashions of spring appear on an out-of-doors sporting quest, as they go to the opera to see the similar fine in-door sights of winter, and to add to them. The pleasant drive through Central Park and along the beautiful road out to the race-course is no unimportant part of the enjoyment, and the pleasure of going to see good racing gives a zest to the pleasure of a coaching trip that makes the horse-lover's joy complete.

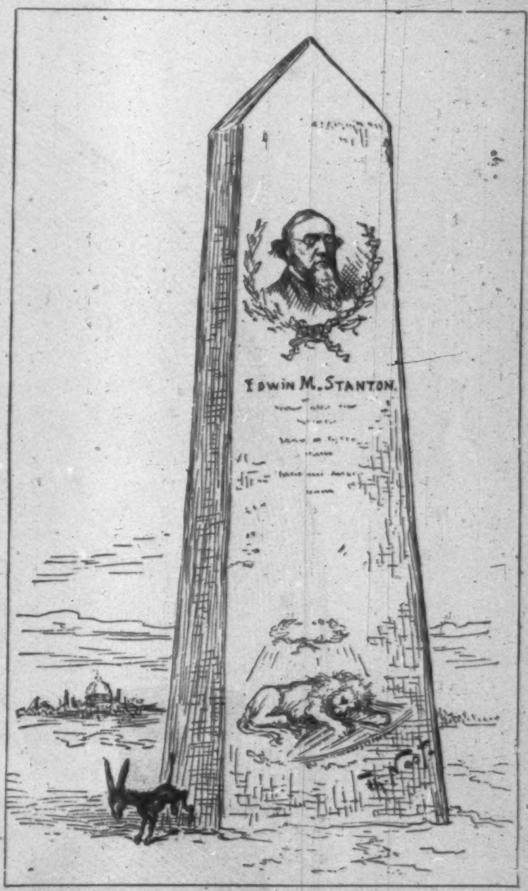
The club-house, which stands on a knoll in the centre of the race-course, is as pleasant a place to end the drive out and to begin the drive back to the city as pleasure-loving wealth has been able to devise. There is a wide veranda around the house, and the lawn is terraced down to the track. The picture of this fashionable sporting resort on another page shows the double use that the coaches and the drags of the club's members are put to—as specially advantageous points of observation as well as the only thoroughly orthodox vehicles with which to make the journey.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

An eagle in the interior of this State, being of unusual size, foolishly considered that he was able to carry off a calf which he discovered straying. The calf was too heavy for removal, but probably the eagle would have killed it with the fierce strokes of his beak and talons had not the calf's cries attracted help. The eagle was disabled with a shot-gun and captured alive. He measured upward of nine and a half feet from tip to tip of his outspread wings. If he had measured half as much he would not have tried the impossible, and would probably be a free eagle to-day. Great power is frequently a dangerous possession. It is the small eagle that knows enough not to try to fly away with a calf.

Under the head of "Matters New and Interesting" a newspaper paragraph says that the piles of old London Bridge, put down in the year 900, are still sound, the water and blue mud of the Thames having preserved them.

An object bearing the outward semblance of a telescope has recently made its appearance in one of the thoroughfares of Paris. An aged man, bearing all the signs of a person having profound astronomical knowledge, attends it. He makes with his hand the gestures of a sage, and invites people to look through the telescope for nothing. People undertake to look through, and discover that the remote end of the instrument is filled up with a handsome illuminated advertisement. It is not a successful advertising scheme, however. The people who stop to look into a free telescope are generally either poor or stingy, and the advertisers reap no benefit from them.


EDWIN M. STANTON.

SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE EXPUNGED FROM THE "CONGRESSIONAL RECORD."

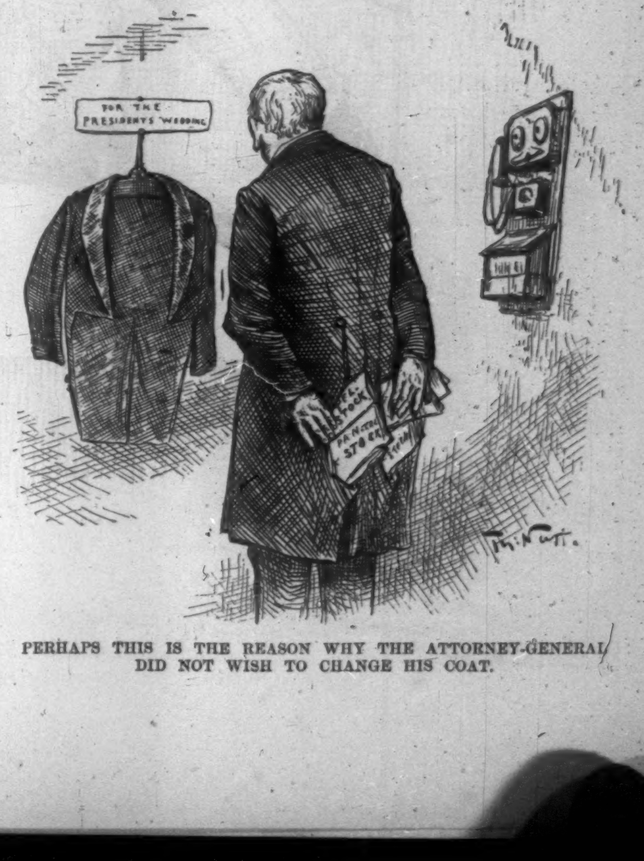
A newspaper despatch says that "Mr. Nachez, the Hungarian violinist, has fallen from a tricycle and seriously damaged his bow arm." There is no offence in a statement like that, of course. There would, however, be a great deal of impertinence in a despatch which should say of a violinist that he had fallen from a tricycle and seriously damaged his bow leg.

Mr. Frank N. Page, a cattle-raiser in New Mexico, disagrees with a suggestion in an article contained in Harper's Weekly of January 2, that only young men of robust constitution should undertake the work that is done upon the great cattle ranges of the West. He went to New Mexico in 1879, he writes, a consumptive in search of health. He went into the cattle business, and is to-day strong and well. In St. Louis, before removing to New Mexico, he had had twenty hemorrhages or more; in the past two years he has had none, and previously to that, while on the plains, he had suffered only slight ones. "I have been on round-ups on the trail," he writes, "and have driven beef to market in all sorts of weather. I can say to any young man that is threatened with consumption that if he will come to New Mexico, Arizona, or Colorado, and come before the dread disease has made too much progress, the climate of this region will do much good, and perhaps, as in my own case, effect a cure. The towns are mostly too high up for consumptives in winter; an elevation of about 4500 feet I have found best, and I always am well when working in the open air of the vast plains. It takes capital here to make money, just as it does in the East, but I came with only three hundred dollars, and have to-day a herd of sixteen hundred cattle and horses. But I have roughed it in every sense of the word, and worked hard. When I say worked hard, I mean riding all day; but this is not half nor one-third as hard as writing at a desk confined in a close office day after day in any of the large Eastern cities."

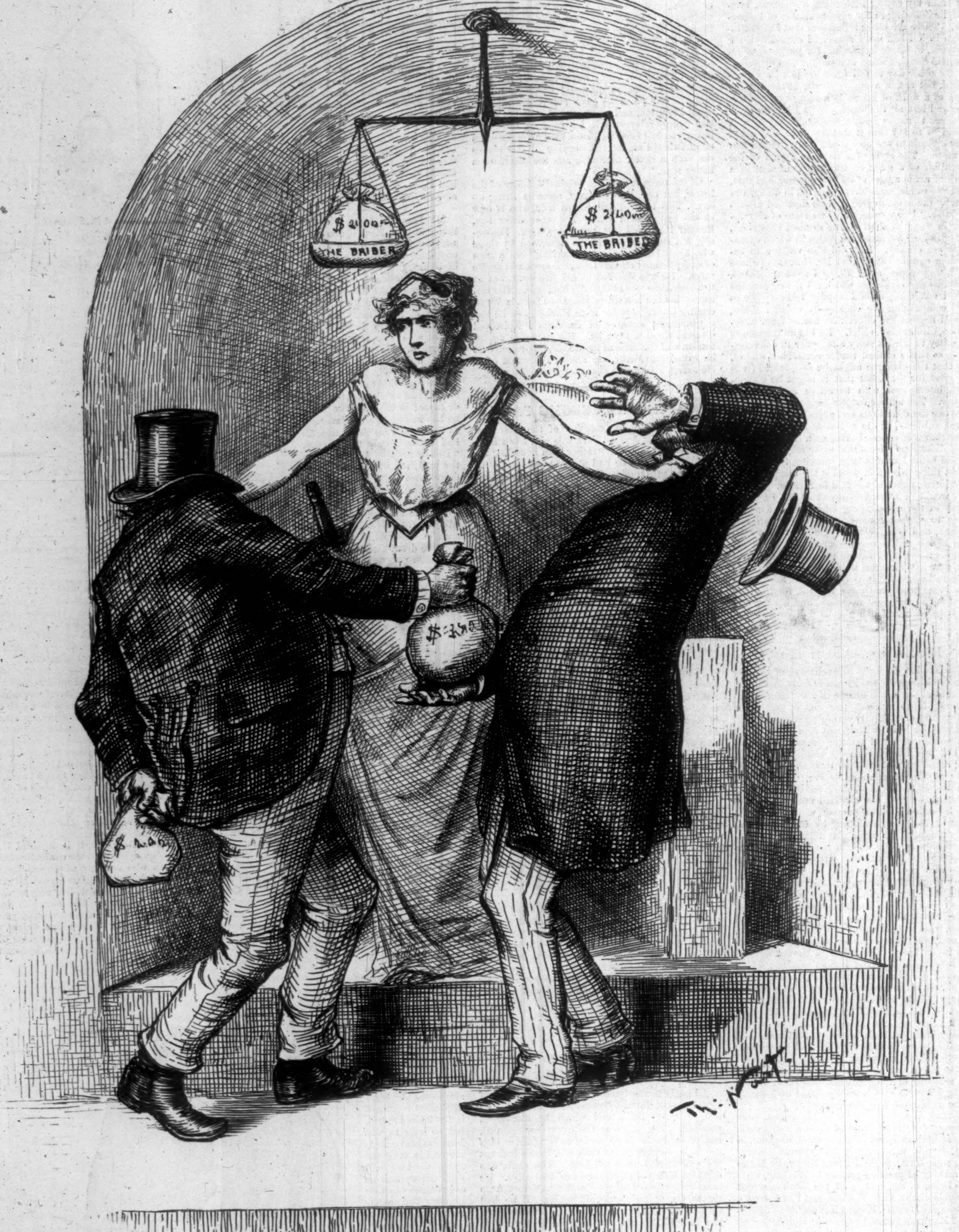
A correspondent writes to Harper's Weekly concerning an act of bravery, which, he says, "in any nation under the sun but the United States would be fitly rewarded." He says: "Troop K, of the United States Tenth Cavalry, a regiment of colored men, but with white officers, while scouting the Sierras Pinitas, or Little Pine Mountains, in Sonora, Mexico, came upon a band of hostile Apaches strongly posted upon a rocky plateau. In the resulting skirmish one man was killed and another very seriously wounded. As Corporal Scott, the wounded man, fell to the ground, Lieutenant Powhatan Clark, the second in command, rushed forward through a heavy fire, took the corporal in his arms, and carried him out of the line of battle to a place of comparative safety. Germany, France, England, or any other foreign nation, rewards its heroes with crosses, ribbons, and stars; but our republic in its Puritan simplicity thinks an honorable mention in orders amply sufficient, and seldom grants even that. I have not the slightest desire to see any order of nobility instituted in the United States, but so long as war lasts and brave deeds are told in song and story, so long will such decorations as are mentioned above improve the *morale* and increase the *esprit* of an army, whether that army belongs to a foreign power or our own republic."

A reporter in describing a new and very complicated safe in Springfield, Massachusetts, says that it has "a three-inch steel door protected by two massive combination locks, to open which the presence of two bank officers is required." If that is absolutely so, it is highly interesting, and the people who own the safe have something to be proud of. The question will force itself, however, whether a couple of expert safe-breakers might not answer in case the two bank officers were absolutely unobtainable, or whether a quantity of dynamite well bestowed might not solve the combination. History shows that the impregnable safes which burglars have got into are almost as numerous as the unloaded guns which have unaccountably gone off.

London supports, or did until recently, a journal devoted to the promotion of matrimony. It was filled with advertisements in which persons of both sexes described their various attractions, with the hope that they would draw the attention and meet with the approval of desirable opposites. In these descriptions the advertisers did not spare themselves, but told without reservation just how alluring they were: youth, beauty, health, wisdom, riches, and all sorts of particular recommendations were related by the writers with as much ingenuousness and freedom as though they had been describing others instead of themselves. Frank and untrammelled as these confidences were, however, it is doubtful if any of them ever quite equalled the confessions of a man in Georgia who recently advertised for a wife. He is, he exuberantly declares, a skilled rat-catcher and tanner of dogs' hides, with a bald head and a cork leg, and an income which fluctuates between three and five dollars weekly. He wishes to share these blessings with a woman of good health and disposition, who is capable of being satisfied with a sufficiency, and who does not desire the whole earth.



PERHAPS THIS IS THE REASON WHY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL DID NOT WISH TO CHANGE HIS COAT.


THE BRIBER
THE BRIBED
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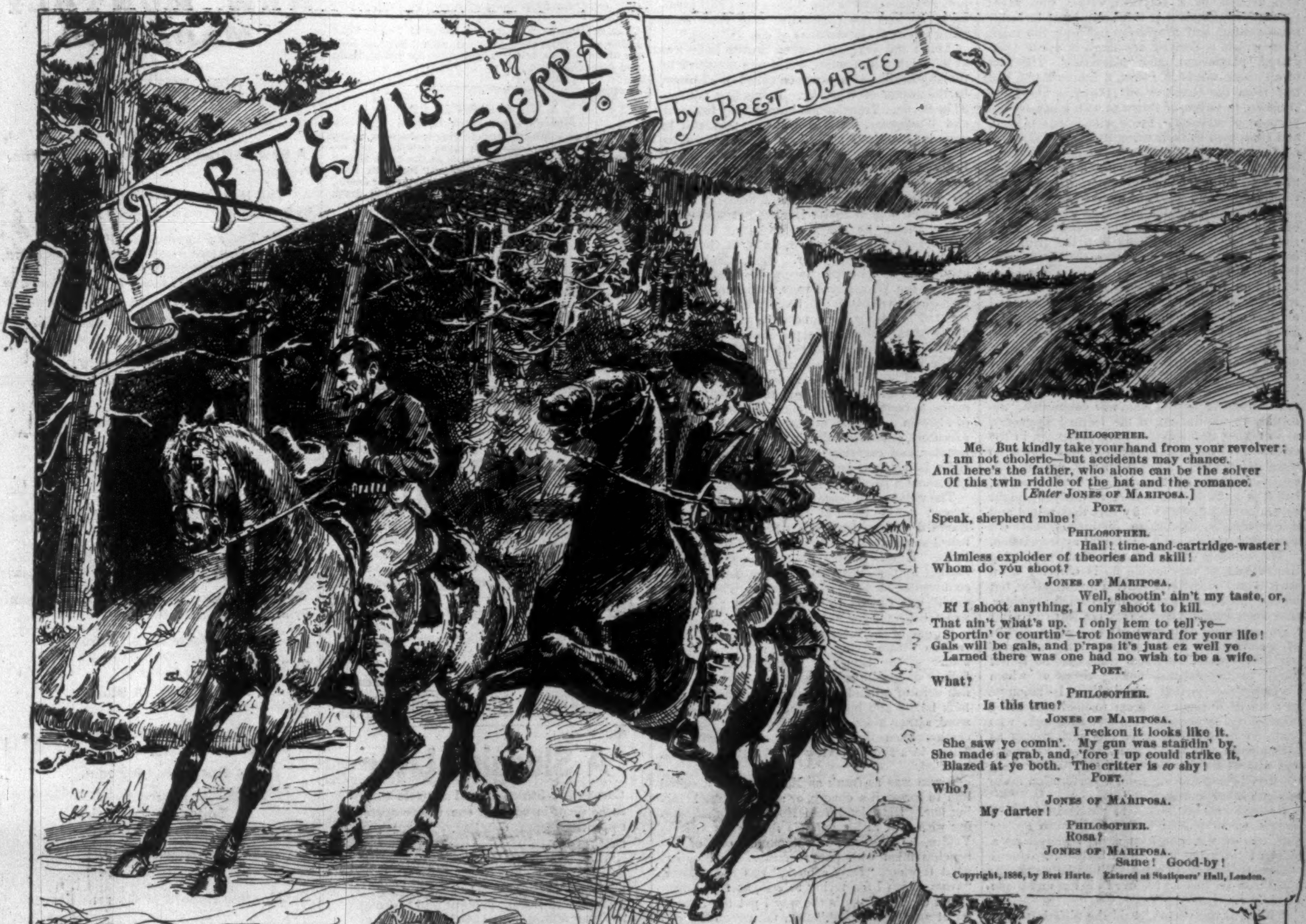
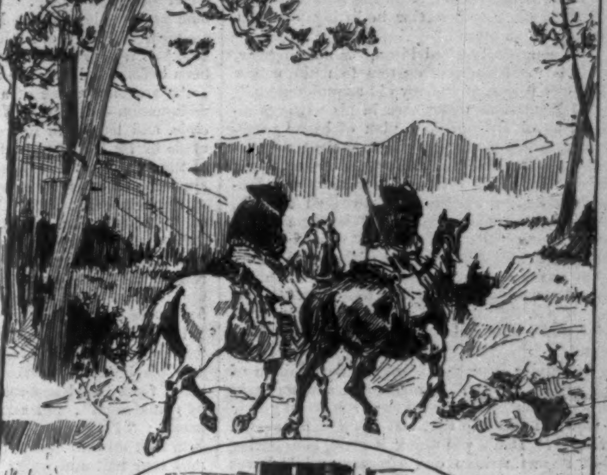
BOTH.

ARTEMIS in SIERRA

by BRET HARTE





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Poet. Philosopher. Jones of Mariposa.

Poet.

Halt! Here we are. Now wheel your mare a trifle
  Just where you stand; then doff your hat and swear
Never yet was scene you might cover with your rifle
  Half as complete or as marvellously fair.

Philosopher.

Dropped from Olympus, or lifted from Arcady,
  Swung like a censer, six thousand feet on high—
So like a dream that one is half afraid he
  Speaks but to see it dissolve into the sky!

Poet.

Well you may say so. The clamor of the river,
  Hum of base toil, and man's ignoble strife
Halt far below, where the stifling sunbeams quiver,
  But never climb to this purer, higher life!

Not to this glade, where Jones of Mariposa,
  Simple and meek as his flocks we're looking at,
Tends his soft charge; nor where his daughter Rosa—
[*A shot.*]
  Hallo! What's that?

Philosopher.

A —— something thro' my hat.
Bullet, I think. You were speaking of his daughter?

Poet.

  Yes; but—your hat you were moving thro' the leaves;
Likely he thought it some eagle bent on slaughter.
  Lightly he shoots. [*A second shot.*]

Philosopher.

As one readily perceives.
Still, he improves! This time *your* hat has got it.
  Quite near the band! Eh? Oh, just as you please:
Stop, or go on.

Poet.

Perhaps we'd better trot it
  Down through the hollow, and up among the trees.

Both.

Trot, trot, trot, where the bullets cannot follow;
  Trot down and up again among the laurel trees.

Philosopher.

Thanks, that is better. Now of this shot-dispensing
  Jones and his girl: you were saying—?

Poet.

Well, you see—
I—hang it all! Oh! what's the use of fencing?
  Sir, I confess it!—these shots were meant for *me*.

Philosopher.

You!—are you mad?

Poet.

God knows; I shouldn't wonder!
  I love this coy nymph, who, cold as yonder peak,
Shines on the river it feeds, yet keeps asunder.
  Long have I worshipped, but never dared to speak.

Till she, no doubt, her love no longer hiding,
  Waked by some chance word her father's jealousy;
Slipped her disdain—as an avalanche down gliding—
  Swept flocks and kin away to clear a path for *me*.

Hence his attack.

Philosopher.

I see. What I admire
  Chiefly, I think, in your idyl, so to speak,
Is the shy modesty that checks your youthful fire—
  Absence of self-love, and abstinence of cheek!

Still, I might mention, *I've* met the gentle Rosa—
  Danced with her thrice, to her father's jealous dread;
And, it is possible, she's happened to disclose a—
  Ahem! You can fancy why he shoots at me instead.

Poet.

You?

Philosopher.

Me. But kindly take your hand from your revolver;
  I am not choleric—but accidents may chance.
And here's the father, who alone can be the solver
  Of this twin riddle of the hat and the romance.
[*Enter* Jones of Mariposa.]

Poet.

Speak, shepherd mine!

Philosopher.

Hail! time-and-cartridge-waster!
  Aimless exploder of theories and skill!
Whom do you shoot?

Jones of Mariposa.

Well, shootin' ain't my taste, or,
  Ef I shoot anything, I only shoot to kill.

That ain't what's up. I only kem to tell ye—
  Sportin' or courtin'—trot homeward for your life!
Gals will be gals, and p'raps it's just ez well ye
  Larned there was one had no wish to be a wife.

Poet.

What?

Philosopher.

Is this true?

Jones of Mariposa.

I reckon it looks like it.
  She saw ye comin'. My gun was standin' by.
She made a grab, and, 'fore I up could strike it,
  Blazed at ye both. The critter is *so* shy!

Poet.

Who?

Jones of Mariposa.

My darter!

Philosopher.

Rosa?

Jones of Mariposa.

Same! Good-by!

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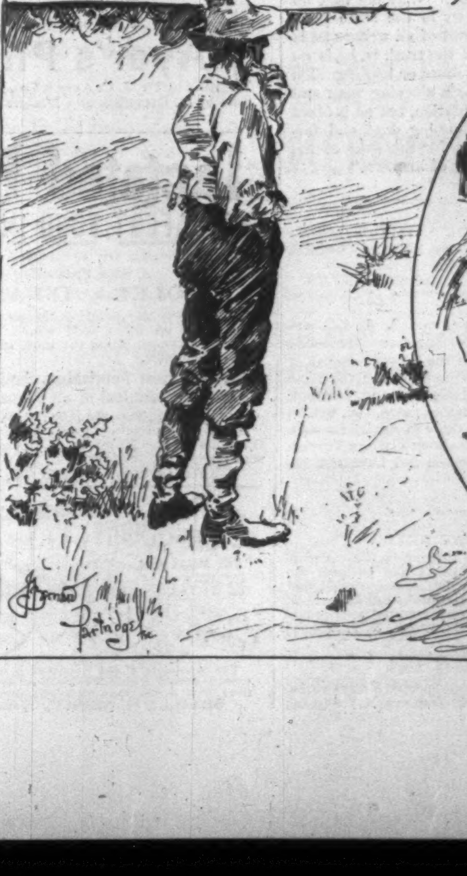

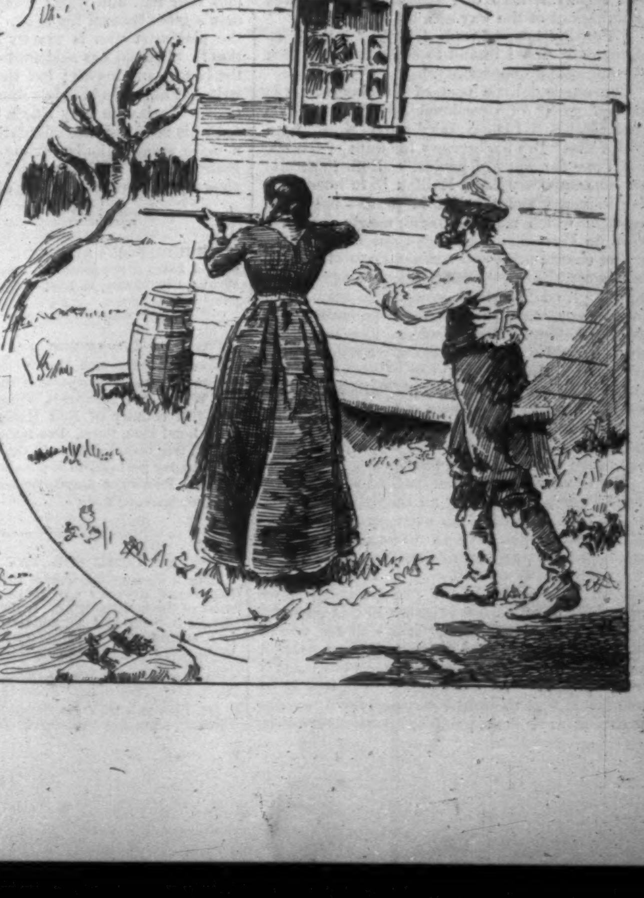

LITERARY THIEVES.

The exact meaning of plagiarism has been well defined by a classical writer, who says: "The word *Plagium* is the Latin legal term for man-stealing, and *Plagiarius* indicates the thief, from which is derived our English words 'plagiary,' 'plagiarism,' and 'plagiarist.' The root of all these words is *Plaga*, a hunter's net, and this from the Greek word Πληγή, a blow, and Πλήσσω, to strike, or throw as with a net, for the purpose of striking. From wild beasts to men, and from men to their thoughts, the words which convey them, the transition in thought and action is easy. Hence our dictionaries define a plagiarist to be a literary thief, or one who appropriates the thoughts and words of another as his own."

In a pleasant volume published under the title of *The Tin Trumpet*, the author defines plagiarists to be "purloiners who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away the basket." Samuel Butler said that a plagiarist is like an Italian thief, who never robs but he murders too, in order to prevent discovery; and another ancient worthy in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* remarks, "If that severe doom of Synesius be true, 'It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labor than their clothes,' what shall become of most writers?" Plagiarism *pur et simple*, unlike accidental imitation, is neither more nor less than "flat burglary as ever was committed," according to the dictum of the learned Dogberry, as to taking money under false pretences, in the celebrated case where Conrade and Borachio were defendants. Unquestionably literary larceny ought to be included in the criminal statute, but it is to be feared that clever lawyers might so confound judge and jury that they would find it exceedingly difficult to distinguish between downright stealing and accidental appropriation.

The writer is of course aware that in selecting the subject of this article he is entering upon what might be called a delicate investigation, but he can most truly profess, like Disraeli the elder, that such extracts as he may set forth in print "are not given with the petty malignant delight of detecting the unacknowledged imitations of our best writers," and also trust that he is not likely to be included among those of whom Coleridge asserts that, "verily there be amongst us a set of critics who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank."

A tragic poet addicted to plagiarism read a certain work to Alexis Piron, a French author and man of wit, who died a little more than a hundred years ago, into which he had introduced numerous borrowed verses. While he was reading, Piron frequently removed his hat and made a low bow.

"What is the reason," said the pilfering poet, "of your singular behavior in lifting your hat and bowing so often?"

"My conduct," replied Piron, "is not singular, for it is my invariable custom to make a bow whenever I meet any of my old acquaintances."

Old Montaigne somewhere in his writings informs us of an ingenious plan of his of transferring whole sentences from ancient authors without acknowledgment, that the critics might blunder by giving *nazardes* to Seneca and Plutarch, while they imagined they tweaked *his* nose; and Emerson remarks that a man is original nowadays in proportion to the amount which he steals from Plato and other ancient authors. La Fontaine was an eminent *conveyancer*, and Molière honestly avowed his multiplied robberies. Speaking of wit, he said, "It is the only property I have, and I take and claim it wherever it is to be found."

Alexander Pope published the first edition of his "Essay on Man" anonymously, and was asked soon after by a scribe of the Grub Street guild: "How did you like that last poem of mine—the 'Essay'? Don't you think it good, considering that it was written one afternoon while I was skulking out of the way of a bailiff?"

"'Pon my honor," replied Pope, "I think so highly of it that I intend to claim it as my own at some fitting opportunity."

The crooked little poet of Twickenham was himself guilty of occasional *cribbing* from his predecessors. Bishop Warburton wrote to a friend that "Dryden borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius." Both Pope and his contemporary Lord Halifax have lines—the one in verse, and the last in prose—the sentiment of which may be found, nearly word for word, in Petronius, the Roman novelist.

The charge preferred against Pope of lack of genius certainly could not be brought against the highly gifted Coleridge, who, if we may credit De Quincey, once "lifted" bodily an entire essay from Schelling. Beaumarchais, like the Bible stealer, could never recognize any wrong in literary theft. He did not even allow of its bad taste. His works teem with plagiarisms; but he was the first to point them out, and ever ready to laughingly proclaim that wherever he found a good thing he would certainly appropriate it, if he needed the article in question.

The eccentric Swift once listened to one of his own sermons preached by an English clergyman, who, on meeting the dean after service, remarked that his duties were so onerous that he was straitened with respect to the time necessary for the composition of sermons, so that when the subject pressed, as in the present instance, he could only devote a few evenings to that purpose. "Well," replied the dean, "it is well for you to have such a talent; for my part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon cost me some months in composing." As a *pendant* to this, it may be mentioned that the works of a popular American preacher were once published, and a review of them soon appeared in a widely circulating journal, replete with praise of the warmest kind, but ending with words to the following ominous import: "Our raptures would have been still greater, if we had not chanced to read them some years ago *as the productions of one Tillotson.*"

About the year 1825, when Scott's fame was at its height, the reading world was mystified by the appearance of a romance called *Walladmor*, by the author of *Waverley*. It was first published in Berlin. Translations immediately followed, and *Walladmor*, in three volumes, may still be seen in some old collections of the Waverley Novels, bound to match the regular series, and believed in by its original purchaser as a legitimate member of the family. The thief who stole Sir Walter's good name was a Silesian, whose real name was Wilhelm Haring, but who chose to be known by the pseudonym of Widibald Alexis. He died December, 1871, in Germany, at the age of seventy-four. Scott, who had not at the time of its appearance avowed the authorship of the Waverley Novels, could not without unmasking ventilate the literary fraud, and so suffered in silence the annoyance which the credulity of the public, or a portion of it, who believed in its genuineness, must have caused him.

The late Lord Brougham, a writer of ability, but full of eccentricities, left behind him a translation of Voltaire's *Memnon, ou La Sagesse Humaine*, to be published as an original contribution of his own to English literature, and his innocent executors, entering fully into the spirit of the testator, and carrying out his last wishes to the letter, issued it as he left it, without a hint, haply without a suspicion, of stolen wares.

The well-known poem entitled "Curiosity," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College by Charles Sprague, was published as original by a British officer stationed in India. It was simply altered for the English market by the substitution of the names of his countrymen for those of Americans. Thus "Bowditch" was altered to "Roscoe," and "Kemble" was substituted for "Cooper."

On one of the most solemn and memorable occasions within living memory, in expressing, as leader of the House of Commons, the national feeling of gratitude and admiration for the English hero of a hundred battles, Benjamin Disraeli took boldly and bodily, without the change of a word, rather more than a third of his prepared oration from the translation of an article by Thiers in a French review on a third-rate French marshal.

Byron was as frank as Molière when it suited him to forestall a charge, or apologize for bringing one. His friend Tom Moore says that, sailing with him in his gondola during his visit to Venice, he observed a volume on one of the benches filled with paper marks. He inquired what it was. "Only a book," was the answer, "from which I am trying to *crib*, as I do whenever I can; and that's the way I get the character of an original poet." On taking up the volume and looking into it, Moore remarks, "I exclaimed, 'Ah! my old friend Agathon, by Wieland.' 'What!' said Byron, archly, 'you have been beforehand with me there, have you?'"

An amusing *exposé* of a case of false literary reclamation—a crime in no way differing in principle, and hardly in degree, from forgery—was made by Dr. Holmes in a lecture on "The Poetry of the War." In the height of the contest there appeared an anonymous poem that many readers will remember, entitled "Canaan," which attracted some attention, and to which, being a *filius nullius*, there soon appeared several parents—two ladies and a gentleman. The gifted Oliver felt complimented by their pretensions, but a natural regard for truth compelled him to state that, for better or worse, he was himself the author.

It has been well said by Henry Rogers that "there is all the difference between suggestion and plagiarism that there is between *making* blood from blood and receiving it into the veins by transfusion", and another English writer remarks: "Plagiarism is a discreditable affair. You lock up the 'decayed tradesman' who comes into your hall and walks away with the gentleman's great-coat on his back. Why not lock up the plagiarist who is exactly in the same position? Sheffield has said that of all writers he is the basest and lowest; but the truth is, he is no writer at all. He is only a more or less dignified thief. To-day he may rifle a sleeping man and send his red gold into circulation, but he is often a mere resurrectionist, exhuming dead and forgotten things, and that not for the sake of the common welfare, but simply of his own."

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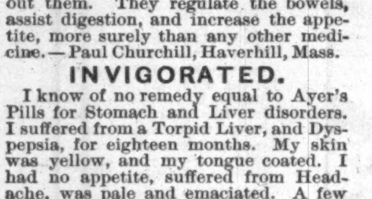

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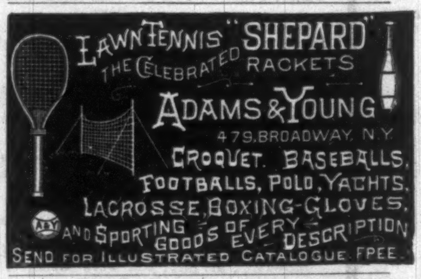

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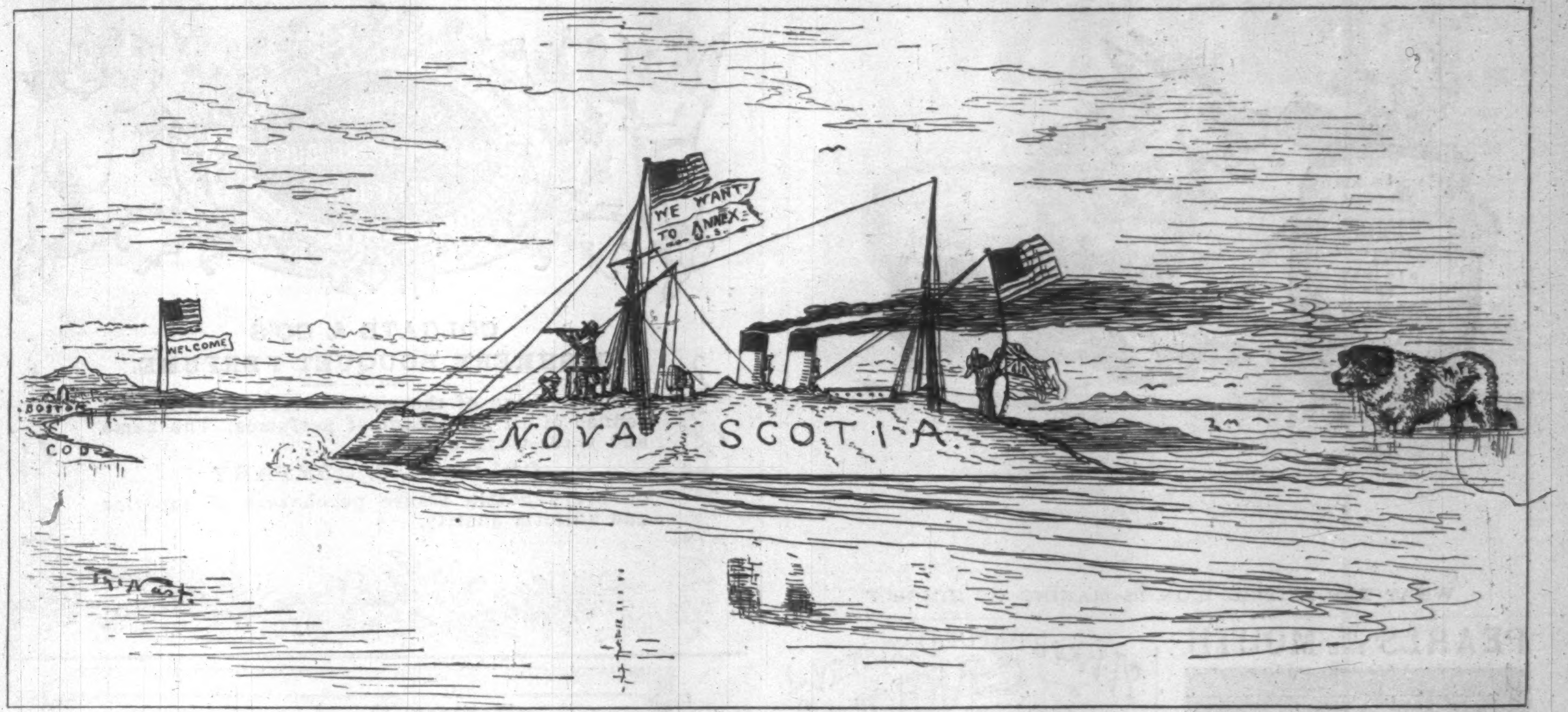

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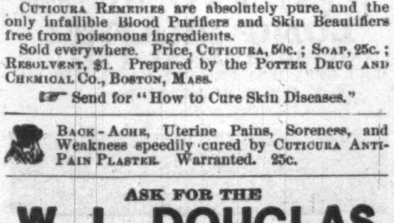

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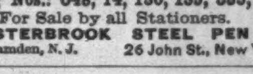

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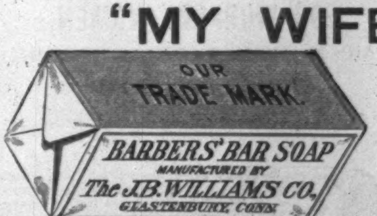
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